

CRIME & AFFLUENCE MICHAEL FOONER

THE NATION

MARCH 6, 1967 35 cents

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The Rusk Enigma

WHO RUNS THE STATE DEPARTMENT?

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LETTERS

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Bryn Mawr, Pa.

DEAR SIRs: Congratulations to John McDermott for his excellent statement on Vietnam ["Vietnam Is No Mistake," *The Nation*, Feb. 13]. . . . He provides the latest chapter in a twenty-year history whose chief contours were depicted so brilliantly for us in 1961 by Prof. D. F. Fleming, in his *The Cold War and Its Origins 1917-1960*, as well as by David Horowitz and Gar Alperovitz in their recent books.

But one matter intrigues me. How does McDermott reconcile all this with his earlier thoughts about "Welfare Imperialism in Vietnam" [*The Nation*, July 25, 1966] as the honest but mistaken goal of U.S. policy in that martyred land?

Richard B. Du Boff

New York City

DEAR SIRs: In describing "welfare imperialism" as he does, Professor Du Boff has evidently allowed the moderate stance of my earlier article to overshadow the radical critique it contained. The central burden of my analysis was to show that U.S. foreign aid programs produced satellites with imbalanced economic development, increased social conflict and growing authoritarianism as system-properties of the AID relationship, not because this or that government official had malevolent intentions. . . . True, I emphasized the amiable intentions of the American public. But I went to even greater pains to describe how, and with what conscious justification, U.S. policy makers were willing to coerce the people of Vietnam, and elsewhere. . . .

John McDermott

enforced banality

Washington, D. C.

DEAR SIRs: Kudos for your kudos for Mr. Bullitt of King Broadcasting [editorial, *The Nation*, Jan. 23]. However, it is not, as you imply, only the wish of large financial interests to placate all and sundry that causes the innumerable endorsements of Christmas seals to be pawned off as editorials, but the very real presence of that watchdog for the people, the Federal Communications Commission, with its ability to tie up a station owner's license renewal application every three years. . . . Freedom of speech, it would seem, is not for broadcasters, as the slightest acquaintance with the operations of the Federal Communications Commission will show. Don't blame it all on big money.

Laurence A. Elgin

endorsement

Lawrence, Kan.

DEAR SIRs: This is, if you will, a letter from a satisfied client: our advertisement in your Nov. 14 issue produced extremely good results. I would appreciate it if you would run this letter, or a part of it, to let readers know that, while copies of our issue on Truman are still available, as are regular subscriptions, we are completely sold out of the special issue on the American Indian. Orders for that issue, often multiple orders for twenty-five or more copies, are still coming in, and we can't fill them. We are thinking of reprinting the issue, or of negotiating with a publisher to bring it out, revised and expanded, in book form, but for the moment, we are forced to return checks.

Stuart Levine, Editor
Midcontinent American Studies Journal

EDITORIALS

Corruption

After some initial shock at the revelations of Central Intelligence infiltration into a wide assortment of once respectable organizations, a predictable effort is being made to mitigate the disclosures. The argument, basically, is that it was all rather innocent. Totalitarian governments had to be countered some which way; neutralizing their devilish tricks required money; the CIA had the money and, providentially, could provide it through unvouchered disbursements, without awkward accounting to Congress. Of course, there were Congressional committees charged with overseeing the operations of the CIA, but ordinary members of the House and Senate obviously had to be kept in the dark. The inference is that these outsiders should be grateful for having been spared knowledge of covert but essentially virtuous arrangements. The reasoning is tortuous and will appeal only to those who are unalterably committed to the cold war and everything that is perpetrated in its name.

Many of the CIA operations abroad were in violation of basic American principles, but those who believed in the overriding sacredness of the crusade against communism could console themselves with the thought that domestic affairs were an area the CIA was debarred from entering. When the wall of secrecy was breached, it turned out that the CIA was under no such inhibition, that it regarded itself as licensed to deceive the American public with as little scruple as it employed toward its enemy abroad. It felt no obligation to reckon with the consequences: the conflicts of interest that would automatically be generated when it operated on the domestic front, the individuals who would be forced to lie, the damage to these persons, to the organizations they led, and even to the CIA itself. Nothing counted except some sort of victory—whether real or mythical and, if real, however short-lived—over the forces of communism.

The stupidity and shortsightedness of the CIA seducers were matched by complementary qualities on the part of the seduced. So long as the money came from the government with a patriotic label attached to it, they were eager to lay their hands on it. Where there was everything to suspect, they allege that they suspected nothing. The officials of the American Newspaper Guild speak more eloquently than they perhaps suspect. Its Secretary-Treasurer, Charles A. Perlik Jr., says he was "unfamiliar" with the background of the \$1 million subsidy the Guild was getting from somewhere. Asked whether he knew if CIA funds were involved, he replied: "It was not a question that I ever asked. It never concerned me. All I know is that I was never asked to do anything." William J. Farson, the executive vice president, deposes to the same effect. These statements are probably technically correct; once people enter into these

transactions, they become expert in the use of language to evade the truth. But all sorts of questions arise. Who led the Guild to the particular foundations that were "conduits" to the CIA front organizations, some of which had been exposed by Rep. Wright Patman as early as 1964? Or were the officials guided by pure intuition? If the foundations took the initiative, did the Guild officers have no suspicions as to their motives? What Guild officials failed to share their knowledge of what was afoot with what other officials? How far down in the officer ranks did internal deception or willful blindness extend? Did anyone have compunctions about hiding important sources of income from the membership?

Parallel questions arise on the governmental side. *The Washington Post* reports on the authority of Robert Kennedy that President Johnson was "totally unaware" of the subsidy to the National Student Association, nor was any member of the White House staff informed until "quite recently." This is hard to square with other revelations. A high official in both the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations says that the White House did in fact know, and that is the only view that makes sense. The students talked to Vice President Humphrey in July, 1966; did Humphrey shield Johnson from these unpleasant facts?

Many of the officers of organizations caught in the exposé hope that it will quickly blow over. Officials of the Executive branch no doubt share this hope. And they have grounds for optimism. If the CIA, which still lives in the McCarthy era, is allowed to continue in the untrammelled possession of its powers, subject only to occasional interrogation by members of Congress similarly unburdened by scruples, no change can be expected. Nor is the CIA the only federal organization which, under the cloak of seeking intelligence, exercises little or no restraint. The whole conspiratorial intelligence apparatus of the government is in need of ventilation and overhaul. If Congress does not apply itself to the job, it will be recreant to its trust.

State Examines Itself

In a rare (and limited) exhibition of candor and courage, the State Department has publicized the results of three management conferences held in 1965 for the purpose of criticism of themselves and the department by senior foreign service officers. The results are set forth in "Some Causes of Organizational Ineffectiveness within the Department of State," by Chris Argyris (U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C., 20402, 25c). They reinforce the diagnosis made by Smith Simpson, a retired senior foreign service officer, in the article on Dean Rusk, p. 294 of this issue.

Dr. Argyris, professor of organizational behavior at Yale, is described in the preface as "a friend and confidant" of the department. His belief is, broadly, that "the way modern organizations are designed, built and

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The Nation is published weekly (except biweekly in July and August) by the Nation Magazine Company and copyright 1967 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10014. Tel.: CH 2-8400. West Coast office: 1434 Westwood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif. 90024. Tel.: GR 4-3547. Second class postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing office.

Subscription Price: One year, \$10; two years, \$18. Foreign and Canadian postage: \$1 extra per year.

Change of Address: It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Book Review Index and the Public Affairs Information Service.

THE NATION
Combined with **FRONTIER**

Volume 204
No. 10

administered, inevitably creates forces toward ineffectiveness and organizational illness. . . . I believe that the problems described in this report compound the felony committed by the traditional organizational structure and managerial controls used by the State Department."

The content of Dr. Argyris' paper amply supports this conclusion, but the fact that the investigation was authorized, and that officers disclosed thoughts and feelings usually concealed, shows that some, at least, are aware of the need for improvement, both in themselves and in the department's system of norms. It is only fair to recognize, also, as Argyris points out, that all organizations are plagued by problems similar to those of the State Department. However, if a large corporation, or even a revered university, is thus handicapped, it is not as important as when such conditions exist in the agency responsible, at least in theory, for the conduct of our foreign affairs.

The picture that emerges from the conferences is one of partial or complete concealment of views in the interest of career advancement. One would think that standards of probity would be incomparably higher in the State Department than in the despised movie industry, but the similarities turn out to be more striking than the differences. Movie bywords are that a director is only as good as his last picture, that nobody in Hollywood loves a loser, and that yes men abound. In State, likewise, the courage to "level" is rare, and one senior officer declares: ". . . if you get the reputation of having lost several important battles—no one wants a loser. The word gets around and you have been ruled off the promotion lists. Soon you learn. . . ." Another confides: "If I were to be very honest, I think that one reason I have succeeded is that I have learned *not* to be open, *not* to be candid." (His italics.)

When they are persuaded thus to unbosom themselves, foreign service officers are seen to be quite human, and in many cases so frustrated that one begins to sympathize with them. But this is irrelevant to the overriding consideration of what these individuals are doing to the country and the world. Dr. Argyris was not concerned with this aspect, but it is more important than efforts to improve organizational effectiveness. It leads to such questions as: Why has State become subordinate to Defense? What normative judgments are to be expected of men who pursue their careers so deviously, and for ends in which U.S. aggression in Vietnam, for instance, is turned upside down and described as aggression against the United States? What chance has an official who disagrees radically with U.S. policy in Southeast Asia to make his views heard, much less taken seriously? What traumatic role does the McCarthy era still play in the affairs of the department?

If foreign service officers would search their souls along these lines, the long-term effects for the United States could only be salutary. But self-criticism is scarcely likely to extend to such lengths.

The Great Wackenhut

Florida and California normally run neck and neck as the jazziest states in the Union, but just now Florida is well ahead. California has Ronald Reagan and up to a few months ago he seemed hard to beat, but Florida's Claude Kirk is not only clearly the more bizarre but promises to outshine the long list of half-screwball, all-demagogue Southern governors who came before him. What decides the contest beyond doubt is that Kirk has George R. Wackenhut heading his privately financed state police force. Wackenhut operates in California too, but his headquarters are in Coral Gables and it is only in Florida that he is the state's official crime-buster.

The Wackenhut success story is of epic proportions. Like most top-flight private detectives, he is an ex-FBI man. He joined Hoover's constabulary in 1951 and resigned in 1954 to set up his own agency, in company with three other ex-agents. For several years the company was strapped for funds. Its break came in 1960 when, with legal assistance from the law firm of Sen. George A. Smathers, it became eligible for government contracts. An inconvenient law which prohibits the government from contracting with companies that furnish detective services was circumvented by the formation of a Wackenhut subsidiary corporation for security work. The federal establishment then became Wackenhut's biggest customer. The Atomic Energy Commission alone pays Wackenhut \$3 million a year for guard services at its Nevada test site—quite a distance from Florida—and Wackenhut operatives also guard the space center at Cocoa Beach. About 40 per cent of the company's \$23 million income is derived from government sources. Presently, Wackenhut operates with 4,100 employees in twenty-eight offices in the continental United States, Puerto Rico, Venezuela and Colombia. It has plans for further expansion abroad. Last year, the Wackenhut organization "went public" with the sale of 135,000 shares through underwriters at \$11.60 a share. However, Mr. and Mrs. Wackenhut still retain more than 70 per cent of the capital stock.

It would be a mistake to regard Mr. Wackenhut as a mere businessman. Patriotism, in a particular form, animates him more than the desire for wealth. His associates in the crusade for God and country include such men as Ralph E. Davis, the Wackenhut Western division manager and a member of the National Council of the John Birch Society; Loyd Wright, the Los Angeles lawyer who praised the Society during his unsuccessful campaign against Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel in 1962; and Capt. Eddie Rickenbacker, perhaps the nation's most eminent right winger. Wackenhut himself is a militant foe of organized labor; as for communism, he regards it as "the most vicious form of organized crime ever perpetrated on the human race."

In his alliance with Governor Kirk he is breaking new ground and possibly establishing precedents for the pro-

tection of private property and the free-enterprise system in the future. Soon after Wackenhut's appointment as the \$1-a-year guardian of Florida's security became known, the company's stock jumped \$2 a share. The cost of the operational campaign against crime, about \$1,000 a day, is to be met by private contributions. The Wackenhut organization will, on behalf of the governor, oversee the police departments of municipalities and in general act as a super police force. Those who have expressed alarm at the creation of what might readily be described as a private police force are assured by Mr. Kirk that only racketeers, hoodlums and criminals need be apprehensive. For his part, Wackenhut promises that the private operations of his agency and his work for Kirk and Florida will remain separate. For instance, he will not add to the dossiers he already has on 2,500,000 persons by taking advantage of his access to the police files of Miami and other Florida cities. Still, when a Wackenhut man appears at the door, the householder may be somewhat uncertain as to whom he represents.

Bizneyland

The status of big business on college campuses across the country has been dropping steadily during recent years. One poll shows that in 1964 only 14 per cent of the Harvard senior class entered business, down from 39 per cent in 1960. And a 1966 survey has found that only 12 per cent of all American college students want to enter business.

Accordingly, the University of Michigan has decided it's time to glorify, if not beautify, the corporate image with a "Business Hall of Fame."

Like its baseball counterpart in Cooperstown, N.Y., Bizneyland will honor American businessmen with bas-relief plaques; it will also be a repository of pertinent artifacts, photographs and film biographies. The Michigan officials expect the hall of fame to become an inspiration to students, a mecca for businessmen and one of the leading tourist attractions in the state.

"We hope," says Floyd Bond, dean of the university's business school, "that the hall will cause visitors to pause and reflect upon their heritage; that it will inspire respect for the great entrepreneurs who have done so much to build our nation. Ideally, the hall will make one feel that he is in the presence of greatness."

David Lewis, director of the hall of fame, expects fifty to seventy-five businessmen to be elected during the remainder of this century. (Electors will be other puissant executives.) Lewis indicates that "such factors as their business innovation, their firm's performance, their contribution to the nation's economic progress, and their business ethics and morals," will be weighed in selecting members. He hastens to add that "businessmen's ethics and morals are expected to be judged in the context of their times, rather than by today's standards."

Lewis suggests that attractive contenders for nomination in 1968 are Henry Ford, Andrew Carnegie, J. Pierpont Morgan, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., James B. Duke, James J. Hill and Edward H. Harriman.

One requirement for membership in Bizneyland is that a nominee must be dead for at least three years. The director thinks that, as soon as they have served their term in limbo, J. Paul Getty, Alfred C. Fuller, Conrad Hilton, Norton Simon, Henry Ford II, David Sarnoff and H. L. Hunt stand a good chance of resurrection in bas-relief—"provided they don't stub their toes before their business careers come to an end."

It makes you wonder what Mr. Bond had in mind when he suggested that visitors would "pause and reflect upon their heritage."

A.J.

In 1933, the year I was born, A.J. Muste was just resigning the directorship of the Brookwood Labor College after a decade of service. By then, A.J. was nearly 50 years old and already a veteran of nearly thirty years in the factional melee of labor, Socialist and pacifist politics. He could look back on a life that included fierce beatings on the picket lines of the Lawrence textile strike, the organization of the Amalgamated Textile Workers, the organizing years of the American Civil Liberties Union, and the agonizing struggle to defend the conscientious objectors during World War I. When—thirty years later—I met A.J. for the first time, it was difficult to imagine that there could be any role for me but to keep my ears respectfully open and my opinions deferentially to myself. He had, after all, for more than twice my lifetime been taking his knocks in behalf of every worth-while cause I could name. What did I have to tell someone like that?

But that's not the way it was, because that's not the way A.J. could ever let it be. It was his gift to draw friendship out of people, spontaneously and immediately, rather the way I imagine Socrates must have drawn knowledge from his students: by enveloping them in a field of trust and receptivity. And suddenly I was talking to A.J. about everything that was most important to me. And I knew that he was really listening, that he cared—indeed, that he was trying to learn from me and about me. "Tell me about yourself," I remember his saying as we shared a two-hour lunch. "I'd like to know who you are."

This is not a quality one expects to find among radical activists—this capacity to listen, this willingness to learn. Most activists are out to harangue, to overbear, to score, to whet their ideological commitments on your moral uncertainties, or, worse, to launder their consciences in the tears of your guilt. Perhaps that is why so many activists wind up doing a better job of making themselves obnoxious than of making the world beautiful.

But here was A.J. Muste, in my eyes the authentic voice of a radical Populist tradition that reaches back

gloriously through American history to Eugene Debs and the great abolitionists and Thoreau and Jefferson and Roger Williams (as great a soul as any of them), and he was listening to me as if I had something to teach him. But, in fact, I think A.J.'s listening was *his* way of teaching. It was his way of teaching the value of openness, which, in turn, is the meaning of nonviolence. Looking through the soon-to-be-released collection of A.J.'s essays (edited by Nat Hentoff for Bobbs-Merrill), one is impressed by nothing so much as this quality of openness. It shows itself in the infinite care with which he always reconstructed the arguments of opponents, even those with whom he profoundly disagreed. It shows itself in his repeated use of the unassuming "it seems to me" as he gently introduces his own views. A.J. was a brave soul, but not mainly because he was still scaling fences to trespass on missile bases at the age of 75; rather I think he was brave mainly because he remained willing to the last to face the dangers of dialogue: the honest risk

of listening, of learning, of changing. There is, I suspect, no worse ordeal for political radicals.

What does one say of him at last? Perhaps that he knew, better than all but a few in our time, the difference between true revolution and mere power shuffling. "The believers in nonviolence," he said in an essay of a few years ago, "do not see the task of our age as that of seizure of power by a new social element and the setting up of a new power structure. They see the task of our age as that of building the beloved community."

The beloved community. There aren't many of us who can get away with phrases like that. But A.J. could. Because he knew—and he made you know if you gave the dialogue even half a chance—what all his grim Niebuhrian critics within the ministry and all the strenuous ideologues within the movement and all the wrong-headed men of power have never wanted to know: that the purpose of political action is—at last—to save your own soul.

THEODORE ROSZAK

THE RUSK ENIGMA

Who Runs the State Department?

SMITH SIMPSON

Mr. Simpson, a retired Foreign Service officer with twenty years' experience in and around the diplomatic Establishment, is the author of Anatomy of the State Department, to be published by Houghton Mifflin in April.

After six years in office, the Secretary of State is still an enigma to his fellow Americans. Our principal foreign policy adviser and architect of diplomacy has escaped not only notoriety but even clear characterization.

Background in part accounts for this bewildering elusiveness. In the whole stretch of Rusk's fifty-two years from birth in a Georgia parsonage, there is almost nothing that one would normally associate with preparation for his present work, and to which one could turn for clues to his competence. There is no trace of political experience; no large-scale managerial testing; no outstanding involvement in public affairs; no national recognition; not even an association with Presidents. Apart from such unfortunate predecessors as Robert Lansing and Frank L. Polk, whom almost no one remembers, Dean Rusk's record (or rather lack of record) is unique.

Nor does his parsonage extraction appear to be significant. If one could find some missionary zeal in his conduct of foreign affairs, some inclination to international crusades, such as Woodrow Wilson and John Foster Dulles exhibited, one might feel some thread with which to begin an embroidery. The overseas evils of war and colonialism, communism's threat, neutralism in the face of imminent danger, and poverty have all had strong gravitational pulls on American statesmen of evangelical disposition. Is the modest Rusk really as unevangelical

as he seems? Would a probing of his attitude on Vietnam reveal any trace of hitherto undetected crusading spirit?

Rusk's former academic connection likewise offers no clear characterization. College professors are not celebrated for being practical men, but Rusk is eminently practical. Some of his critics feel he is too practical, too much of an "incher," who is thus overwhelmed by major problems before he becomes aware that they are stealing upon him and his crisis-ridden department.

Rusk gave a good account of himself as a staff officer during the last World War, both in Southeast Asia and in the Pentagon. If it is true, as is said, that he considered a permanent military career at the end of the war, he was presumably not disillusioned by his army experience. Has it had, then, the effect of inducing him to yield unduly to military leadership? Does the State Department's very weak handling of the Vietnamese problem suggest this diffidence? Has Rusk been able to hold his own with McNamara, or have we been witnessing since 1961 a resumption of the pendulum swing in foreign affairs which began in World War II and was arrested only by the special resources of the Marshall-Acheson combination?

Rusk first went to the State Department in 1946, reverted to the War Department and followed Marshall back to State a year later, rising to the level of Assistant Secretary. One wonders whether he gained at the time adequate insight into the basic operating confusions of the diplomatic Establishment, or whether, swamped by the substantive problems of his particular area of specialization, he acquired only fleeting, fragmentary insights.

After he left the State Department to become president of the Rockefeller Foundation, Rusk's career was

shrouded for nine years in the quiet anonymity of affluent good works. He then emerged, startlingly, in his present exalted capacity. Had he used any of these preceding nine years to prepare himself for such a role?

All these questions are intriguing, but Rusk's self-effacing nature does not permit him to help in answering them. Like General Marshall, whom he greatly admired and after whom he is said to have considered at one time patterning his own career, Rusk does not regard himself as important. Only ideas, principles, problems and correct solutions seem significant to him. Like Marshall, therefore, he preserves a jealous reticence.

The less personal question, to which we can address ourselves here, is how well Rusk has performed in his job. This is indeed a part of the enigma he presents and I can suggest some of the answers, having been in the Establishment myself. I can testify, to begin with, that while everyone wondered at the start if he could make a go of it, the Washington foreign affairs community saw him quietly, promptly and competently taking hold of the immediate demands of his job. Unlike his long-tenured predecessor, John Foster Dulles, who monopolized many decisions and no little information, Rusk was a team player. He solicited the full cooperation of his department. Moreover, his exceptional capacity for crisp, incisive analysis and for reaching decisions of militarylike preciseness set a high standard to which that cooperation was clearly expected to ascend. He and President Kennedy worked hard and fruitfully in the early months to modernize and rejuvenate the department, to stimulate it, to bring to focus its straggling resources. They strengthened research, restored planning to something of the vigor it had once possessed, strove to close the gap between echelons that Dulles had permitted to develop.

At the White House Rusk had a special problem. Responsibilities were diffused by Presidential task forces and the brash, if well-intentioned scurrying about and thrusting of White House staffers. Questions and difficulties promptly arose. Was Adolph Berle, Richard Goodwin or Robert Woodward in charge of Latin American affairs? Where did Teodoro Moscoso, head of the Alliance for Progress, fit in? Was Acheson or Rusk in command of planning for the Berlin flare-up? And what was Bowles doing abroad so much of the time when Rusk needed an effective deputy at his right hand? If the White House was not sure of Rusk in that early hurly-burly, Rusk and his associates were not sure of the White House. Through it all, the Secretary kept his temper and his patience, striving doggedly for quality of performance in his own organization as the only effective answer to this broad and mystifying distribution of authority.

When the Abbé Sièyes was asked what he did during the French Revolution, he replied that he survived. His response was one that many people—looking ahead in 1961—might have anticipated from Rusk at the end of six years. But survival has been more of a feat than anyone could have expected. In half a dozen years of repeated crises Rusk has survived not one President but two—two men of very different backgrounds, characters and values, demanding, it would seem, two different kinds of Secretaries of State. This may not have been as bad

to live through as the French Revolution, but survival was no mean achievement. And Rusk has done more. He enjoys Johnson's respect—something not easily won and retained.

In the months when Lyndon Johnson was an uneasy appendage to the Executive Mansion, one saw the process in fascinating evolution. Again and again, Rusk took occasion to encourage the Vice President's interest in foreign affairs, considering this essential from a political point of view as well as from that of Johnson's personal need. The Texan had never been much concerned with events abroad and Rusk saw the benefit of overseas exposure. On his expeditions, the Vice President received cheering cables from the Secretary of State, which served two purposes: they encouraged Johnson and they warned embassies not to become disturbed by some of the more grievous demands and idiosyncracies of the Texas politician. Perhaps they also helped to keep the Vice President on the beam. The President may joke now that Mrs. Johnson is so fond of the Rusk she would never let him ditch Dean, but Johnson too has a similar sentimental attachment to a couple who had been friendly and thoughtful when times were rough.

In the hectic early days of the Kennedy administration, the quiet, analytical sorting-out process which goes on constantly in Rusk's mind made him a listener and analyst rather than an advocate, a summarizer at the end rather than a leader of debate. This caused some observers who prefer forceful and dramatic personalities to describe him, as does Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., as a kind of American Buddha. Schlesinger has even stated that Kennedy thought of replacing Rusk, but no Chief Executive in his senses would have jettisoned a Secretary of State who had the degree of Congressional respect Rusk early came to possess.

Congress is not a body that usually warms up to the head of our diplomatic Establishment, but it quickly warmed to Rusk. Not since Cordell Hull has a Secretary of State enjoyed such esteem bordering on affection. This is all the more astonishing because, unlike Hull who had spent almost a quarter century on Capitol Hill, Rusk was wholly unknown. Moreover, his college professorship and participation in the Atlantic seaboard coterie in foreign affairs were hurdles he had to surmount.

Such a man might well have foundered on Capitol Hill. Rusk, however, has a deeply rooted democratic philosophy which steers him patiently and successfully through the endless shifting and treacherous shoals of Congressional dealings. When he tells Congressmen that, far from rocking the diplomatic boat, they can be of great help to him, he believes it as profoundly as they. When he stresses the constructive uses of committee hearings, of Congressmen's travels abroad, of Congressional prying and probing all over the place, he is perfectly sincere. He even goes so far as to tell long-term members of foreign affairs and appropriations committees that having specialized in the department's operations much longer than he or any one of his associates, they know more than anybody in Washington about such things. This is indeed true, by and large, but it is rank heresy among the diplomats to concede it. If Rusk's position mystifies his career associates,

It is a cheering concession to hard-working, conscientious Congressmen unaccustomed to bouquets from the Executive branch.

So it happens that a Middle West Senator ungiven to eulogy of Secretaries of State described Rusk to me as follows: "He is a sterling, distinguished public servant. The course he has followed has been honestly and realistically purposed to perpetuate the life of our country. Depending on what has been in our best interest, he has followed the commendable course of yielding when our interest so required, and remaining as firm as the rock of Gibraltar when obduracy was needed."

But the Senator who used this language a few weeks ago has also said some very hard things of the department which Rusk heads. "In every corner of the world," he has vigorously asserted, "we are losing ground to the Communists. Our flag is trampled, our prestige and power are flouted. Our embassies are mobbed, our officials threatened or arrested at gun point." And who is responsible? The Senator continued: "As the agency responsible for our foreign relations, the State Department must stand chiefly accountable for these defeats. The harsh fact is that State is not equipped to cope with explosive conflicts our enemies are stirring." The State Department soft-pedals "grim facts," clings to "old lines," "glosses over critical matters until they turn into disasters," "forgets that we must act our role as the free world's leader, and enforce our rights if we expect to survive." State, he says, has failed to devise "a consistent plan to defeat communism's political-warfare strategy," adheres to "decision-making machinery so inefficient that it moves at caterpillar pace," and is staffed with people "not up to the tasks that confront it."

Such complaints are often heard of the State Department and its overseas Foreign Service, and I know from more than thirty-five years of study and experience in the diplomatic Establishment that they are only too well justified. Moreover, there is a serious problem of morale in the department and service under Rusk, as there was under Dulles.

It is precisely here that some of the ordinary citizen's mystification over Rusk begins. If he is as good as he is pictured by Congressmen and others, how does it happen that his organization is open to such critical indictment? If General Motors or the Department of Commerce were as severely attacked, its head would be regarded as culpable and sacked. If Rusk is not responsible for his department's performance, who—or what—is?

To say that the department is would not be very illuminating—but it is a fact. The department largely runs itself, no matter who is Secretary of State. Over the long years it has evolved its own attitudes of mind, its own premises and prejudices, its own values, its own criteria of performance, and its own procedures which both express and reinforce all these. And no secretary who lacks thorough familiarity with this state of affairs, who has not mastered the managerial techniques for operating large organizations, can possibly cope with the State Department. The indications are that Rusk is not familiar with them. He evidently does not see the vital relationship of managerial problems to foreign policy and diplomacy.

This constitutes a weakness in his performance so serious that if it continues, it may well make the difference between the success and failure of American world leadership.

In this unresolved situation, the military factor in our international relationships becomes increasingly evident. Inevitably, when the contempt of diplomatic officers for training and education assures pedestrian work at the Foreign Service Institute, when their disdain for research and planning infects the department, when their reliance on daily improvisation continues unabated, the military will more and more fill the area of foreign policy and diplomacy. For the military long ago learned the value of education and training in international affairs. There are combat colonels in Vietnam today who hold Ph.D.s in international affairs. The State Department, by contrast, does not require of its officers any knowledge of international law and international organization or any systematic knowledge of the techniques of diplomacy; nor does it offer any courses in these disciplines at the Foreign Service Institute. To get even a correspondence course in international law, diplomatic officers must apply to the Naval War College.

Since the 1930s, as a consequence, the military establishment has increasingly influenced the dynamic and broadening area known as politico-military problems in world affairs. The appointment of a general as Secretary of State, another as Under Secretary, and a number of generals and admirals as ambassadors, as well as the inability of any career diplomatic officer to earn a top position in the Pentagon as a politico-military adviser, are symptoms of this disturbing trend.

This situation has deep implications for the preservation of democracy at home as well as abroad, but the department has only tinkered with it, and Rusk has indulged the tinkering. His relations—personal and official—with McNamara are excellent and some cross-fertilization of personnel has been achieved between their two establishments. But diplomats need thorough education and training in the politico-military area and suggestions to that effect should not always have to come from the military.

This problem of effective inter-agency integration of thinking, techniques, research and other resources affects not only diplomatic and military departments; it relates to State's broad role in the federal government. It took a general to establish a systematic inter-agency mechanism for this integration: when he became President, Mr. Eisenhower quickly saw that the Operations Coordinating Board was essential. It took another general to insist that the vacuum be filled after Kennedy, on very poor advice, abolished the OCB. It is now General Maxwell Taylor who publicly calls attention to the fact that we were politically unprepared for our Southeast Asia commitment in 1954, for our deepening involvement in that area in the 1960s, and for the ultimate victory we are striving for there today. I know this to be true, and one of several reasons for my early retirement from the diplomatic service in 1962 was to gain the freedom to say so. More and more, the military is advising Presidents on how the State Department should be organized to function



properly. Sooner than we think, another general may be appointed to run the department.

Dean Rusk has not given sufficient attention to correcting the prevailing attitudes of his Establishment, to re-vamping its anarchic procedures, updating and extending its educational and training programs, vitalizing its library facilities and demanding the money for these essential renovations. In such areas, the department is starved for funds. While he was Deputy Under Secretary for Administration, William J. Crockett took the revolutionary step—revolutionary for the State Department—of employing first-class psychologists to study the attitudes of diplomatic officers and relate these attitudes to the Department's operating problems. Experimentation revealed what large private firms have known for years: attitudes have a basic impact upon organizational efficiency. Crockett began experimenting with so-called "sensitivity training" to see if the deeply rooted attitudes of officers could be changed, and of course the experiments revealed that they could. But the department has resources to do this on only a very limited scale—some 100 officers a year. Out of several thousand officers this is pitifully limited, and among those treated there is constant attrition through retirement and resignation.

One of the bewildering puzzles concerns the depth of Rusk's concern for the internal well-being of his department. Before one committee of Congress—Senator Jackson's subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operations, which has been exploring for eight years the problems State encounters in formulating and coordinating foreign policy—Rusk says one thing. Before Representative Rooney's subcommittee on appropriations he takes a different tack. He tells the Jackson subcommittee: "We try to keep not just abreast of events but ahead of events"; diplomacy has undergone "a revolutionary trans-

formation"; we live in a time when "any action taken on one important matter in one place sends a chain reaction of effect in every other important problem with which we are dealing," and we must have "officers who understand these chain reactions." All this means "more and more management," and it means the diplomatic Establishment has need of "increased staff." It means "additional ways to broaden the experience of our professional officers," more "generalists who are deeply familiar with a lot of special fields," more "understanding in depth" and "getting policy officers into a planning frame of mind. We are trying to get the word across that every officer of the department, from the junior officer all the way to the top, is responsible for his own initiative, for considering the problems in front of him and coming up with new ideas. If he happens to have an idea which is not strictly in his field of responsibility, he is encouraged to pass it along to his neighbor who does have that responsibility." In answer to a question concerning the department's success in getting its share of the national talent, Rusk replied: "There is a national shortage of talent. . . . So that, when government moves out to recruit top talent, the competition is very keen." He emphasized his belief that "if you can build up the quality of personnel you can cut back in numbers. We try to urge our colleagues not to be timid about coming forward with ideas or suggestions, or in challenging basic assumptions or questioning a conventional interpretation of a factual situation, so we can avoid the failure of not thinking about the problem in the deepest and broadest terms." And for this, "opportunity for quiet thought is important." The department needs "far more chiefs and far fewer Indians," and to get these should "upgrade the desk officer," who is the lowest officer in the department's hierarchy. The problem of getting "accurate and relevant information" is a key one. "The ghost that haunts the policy officer or haunts the man who makes the final decision is the question as to whether, in fact, he has in his mind all of the important elements that ought to bear upon his decision, or whether there is a missing piece that he is not aware of that could have a decisive effect if it became known."

But before the Rooney subcommittee Rusk does not discuss these admirable concepts. They all cost money and his budget reflects the most niggardly thinking imaginable for a department which is on the front line of our national defense. The library is starved, research is starved, the planning staff is starved, training is starved. Far from asking for a staffing pattern which would give officers the leisure to keep "ahead of events," to acquire or preserve "understanding in depth," to seek "additional ways to broaden their experience," to "brood over" the complex problems with which the nation has entrusted them, and come up "with new ideas," the Secretary has boasted that for five years he has not asked for any personnel increases. He must know that by and large, under the conditions of the last fifteen years, officers are too hard worked to have any leisure at all. Here and there an office in the department or a section of a post overseas may be overstaffed, but it is not the pattern. Officers have, in fact, been known to faint from overwork.

If diplomacy has indeed undergone "a revolutionary

transformation" it is not reflected in the Secretary's budget requests. There has been no revolutionary change in the criteria for admission of officers to the diplomatic Establishment or in testing techniques for admission, assignment or promotion of such officers. Apart from training in counterinsurgency problems begun in 1963 (which it took the imagination of the attorney general to suggest and the prestige of the President to initiate), one has looked in vain for any recognition of this revolution in the department's training program until the last year. Just recently, the department has actually introduced a science seminar and an intensive course in modern economics. It is also discussing a course in modern political science concepts and techniques, but probably won't succeed in getting it under way for lack of funds. It had to scrape up funds from private sources to start the science seminar.

These slow acknowledgments of "revolutionary transformation" in world affairs affect but a handful of officers. More than this cannot be spared by a department whose personnel has not increased during five years of expanding responsibilities. Moreover, much of the training is offered to senior officers, and these are in such surplus, due to poor planning and wholly inadequate analysis of junior-officer grumbling for promotion, that the department must now force about one-third of them into retirement, the trained and the untrained alike.

Even the introduction of computers to dispel that "ghost that haunts the policy officer" has lagged, partly from lack of funds, partly from incompetence. A department that must use obsolescent typewriters and adding machines which cost more for repairs than they are worth is not likely to invest heavily in computers. And, at least for the time being, such an investment might be dubious in any case. The people responsible for operating the few computers the department has been able to wangle have been trying for some two years to master the intricacies of printing out simple personnel data. Any broad application of computers to foreign affairs, so as to permit the storage and instant retrieval of needed information, is clearly a long way off in the State Department.

Occasionally, an event which shows the need for rapid improvement in departmental communications gets splashed on the front pages of the world's press. I remind readers of the furor in August, 1965, when the Prime Minister of Singapore, Lee Kuan Yew, stated that three years earlier the CIA had offered him a \$3.3 million bribe. The State Department first denied the charge; then, when Lee produced a letter from Secretary Rusk apologizing for the incident, admitted that the Prime Minister was right. I happen to know that the department had honestly believed the charge to be false. The officers who knew of the affair had been rotated elsewhere and those responsible for Singapore and Southeast Asian matters at the time of the charge were completely in the dark. A computer would have spared the United States this, and many another humiliation.

This brings up the long-established practice of rotating officers from job to job, country to country, continent to continent. Frequent moves make for a fascinating life, as I well know, but I long ago came to the con-

clusion that they make for superficial officers. Rusk, who is well aware of the practice, tells the Jackson subcommittee that the diplomatic Establishment urgently requires "more generalists who are deeply familiar with a lot of special fields." How can constantly rotating officers become "deeply familiar with a lot of special fields"? Effective training could help, but training has lagged throughout Rusk's tenure. This sluggishness is the more astonishing in view of the Secretary's own educational background. Either Rusk does not mean what he says and is only idly philosophizing along lines that he knows will please the Jackson subcommittee, or he hasn't the time to do anything about the effective management of his department, or he does not know how to delegate the task.

A choice example of how a badly managed department can leave a secretary—and the nation—in the lurch is provided by the Vietnamese problem inherited by Rusk. Since 1954, when the Geneva Agreements brought a brief respite to Southeast Asia, and the acknowledged unsteadiness of the agreements led Dulles to negotiate the formation of SEATO and to bring Vietnam within its defense perimeter, we have faced a critical need for special knowledge of the area and special skills to deal with its problems. The few resources we did have the department permitted to be dissipated by rotating officers.

For ten years after 1954 the department introduced no training in depth for officers assigned to that area. It never analyzed the new commitment; never asked itself what skills it would demand. When the department finally stirred, the move came too late for it to lead—it could only react. Such indifference is indeed disturbing; it may in large part explain why Rusk refers with such unwonted eloquence to "the ghost that haunts the man who makes the final decision."

By 1957, the department had had three years to perceive the magnitude of Vietnam and adjust to it. From then until 1963, the year in which Vietnam became a matter for Secretary Rusk himself to handle, three different desk officers in the department had been in immediate charge of South Vietnamese affairs—one for considerably less than two years. There, supervisors—directors and deputy directors of the Office of Southeast Asian Affairs—were also changed during this period: four of each came and went. Only two of the desk officers and one of the superiors had served in Vietnam and, as one might expect, these three relatively experienced men had difficulty making their knowledge prevail in the face of their colleagues' ignorance.

This travesty of diplomacy occurred not only in the department's lower ranks but at more exalted levels as well. In the nine-year period, 1957-66, there were seven Assistant Secretaries of State for the Far East and four different Deputy Assistant Secretaries for economic matters. Of these eleven, six had had no experience in Southeast Asia, and all but one had had none in Vietnam. None had been given any special training in Vietnamese affairs before or during his tenure of office.

During this same nine-year period we had three Secretaries of State, six Under Secretaries, and four officials whose titles varied from Under Secretary to Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs. Three of these had had

experience in Southeast Asia, only one in Vietnam. Rusk introduced one element of sanity into this vortex by arranging that Alexis Johnson, his Deputy Under Secretary for Political Affairs from 1961 to 1964, should have a year's tour of duty in Saigon as Deputy Ambassador before resuming his departmental job in 1965-66.

With the exception of ambassadors, this chaotic situation has prevailed in Saigon as well. Officers have been rotated in and out, barely able to assimilate the complexities of Vietnam before departing to some other, far-off assignment. Too large a proportion of the embassy staff has consisted of junior officers unable, because of age and inexperience, to impress Vietnamese officials. Even after Rusk was nudged into giving a counterinsurgency course, the rotation frenzy canceled out much of the potential value of that project.

This is not diplomacy. Nor does it indicate a satisfactory foreign policy. For policy must take account of means and resources, as well as objectives. Although we have now gained a certain appreciation of the magnitude of the Vietnamese commitment, Rusk continues to permit the department to disperse throughout the world officers who possess some knowledge and experience in Vietnamese and Southeast Asian affairs. This practice may explain why he finds that South Vietnamese officials are not easily persuaded that we really know what we are talking about. It could also be one reason why he finds the North Vietnamese so mysteriously indisposed to negotiate. Keeping tabs on our personnel merry-go-round it just may occur to them that they should wait until we have unmistakably proved ourselves incapable of helping to build order and political stability in the South. Our own

generals have been warning for a long time that force alone will not win in Vietnam. The more perceptive of them have been saying from the beginning that in this type of war the political factors are decisive. Does Rusk find himself at the head of a department which he cannot stimulate to realize this point or to act upon it?

In policy making, Rusk has been keen and adept; his analytical ability has been of the first order. In negotiations where he appears himself other governments have been impressed by his willingness to listen, his patience, his lack of evangelical fervor. An American who does not claim to have all the answers, is prepared to hear what others have to offer, and to arrive at agreements by meticulous examination of all the arguments is a welcome addition to the international community. That is why Rusk has been successful in dealing with the Soviets and is now beginning to reap some fruit from his patient efforts to build bridges to Eastern Europe.

These qualities have been Rusk's strong points in dealing with Vietnam. He has been unemotional, rational, uncrusading. He has avoided sweeping claims and generalizations. But he has also avoided the bold and revolutionary steps called for within his department to provide the human and organizational resources needed to respond to the revolution in Vietnam.

Thus, the problems of both Vietnam and departmental management have overtaken Rusk before he became aware of their awesome proportions. Unlike Vietnam, the management problem has not received any concentrated attention. The sooner it does the better, for we cannot tolerate a ramshackle diplomatic Establishment in these days when it is supposed to constitute our first line of national defense.

CALIFORNIA REVOLUTION 6

DISNEY'S FANTASY EMPIRE

JOHN BRIGHT

Mr. Bright, a long-time resident of California, is a screen writer and novelist.

Los Angeles

Walt Disney, grand vizier of fantasy, possessed the world's largest collection of personal honoraria—praise emblazoned on plaques, medals, cups, scrolls, statuettes and testimonials. Shortly before he died, Uncle Walt, as he was known to his professional family, assigned a woman to organize and annotate the laurels. She worked a year at it, full time.

Most of these evidences of approval came from such sources as the Motion Picture Academy (which handed

more Oscars to Disney than to any score of film people), distributors, chambers of commerce, fraternal lodges, cities, states, even nations. Some of these may be suspect as motivated by flackery, or impersonal business gratitude. (Disney's public relations machinery was the best in the field. Henceforward it may be a little like Christianity without Christ.) Not so the thumping superlative of Dr. Max Rafferty, boss of California's sophomores, who once said that "Disney is the greatest educator of the century."

If this compliment seems tarnished by the dubious authority of its tosser, a similar garland was pitched by David Low, the respected British cartoonist, who elevated Disney to be "the most significant figure in graphic art since Leonardo." No art critics squirmed in protest, perhaps because they read their own meaning into Low's "significant."

Educators, however, took Rafferty's goose grease at its full value. Librarian Frances Clarke Sayers of UCLA blasted the "absurd appraisal." "In the Disney films," she wrote, "I find genuine feeling ignored, the imagination

This article was conceived as a critique of a man, his works and organization. The recent death of Walt Disney necessitated not only changes in tense but a look at the Fantasy Empire's future. No other revisions of fact, opinion or judgment are deemed imperative.

—The Author

tion of children bludgeoned with mediocrity, and much of it overcast with vulgarity. Look at the wretched sprite with the wand and the oversized buttocks which announces every Disney program on TV. She is a vulgar little thing who has been too long at the sugar bowls."

Dr. Benjamin Spock deplored the sadism in many of the Disney cartoons, citing the Wicked Witch in *Snow White* as a terrifying figure for young children, reporting that "Nelson Rockefeller told my wife a long time ago that they had to reupholster the seats in Radio City Music Hall after *Snow White* because they were wet so often by frightened children." (The present writer witnessed an almost fatal attack of juvenile hysteria in a Mexico City theatre when Pinocchio was swallowed by the whale.)

Disneyland, too, has produced a chorus of outrage. John Ciardi, driven into verbal murk by his distaste, noted in the *Saturday Review* that he was "ready to see him [Disney] as the incarnate myth of all that is naturally depthless," then added sourly: "I saw instead the shyster in the backroom of the illusion, diluting his witch's brew with tap water, while all his gnomes worked frantically to design a gaudier and gaudier design for the mess."

Julian Halevy (in *The Nation*, June 7, 1958) suffered a socio-philosophical recoil from the fantasy Mecca, where "the whole world, the universe, and all man's dominion over self and nature has been reduced to a sickening blend of cheap formulas packaged to sell." Equating Disneyland with Las Vegas he intoned ominously: "Their huge profits and mushrooming growth suggest that as conformity and adjustment become more rigidly imposed on the American scene the drift to fantasy will become a flight."

The article drew fire from Ray Bradbury who wrote an *ad hominem* letter to *The Nation*, concluding with his "sneaking suspicion . . . that Mr. Halevy loved Disneyland but is not man enough, or child enough, to admit it." Later Bradbury aired his own feelings about the park for *Holiday*, in rhapsodic prose more imaginative than anything of Uncle Walt's.

I tend to side with Bradbury and the new masses on this issue. Halevy's analogy is snobbery and spurious. Las Vegas is Western civilization at its cynical worst, a reduction of man's dignity to an alienating scramble for a dirty, desperate buck. It is truly narcotic, neurotic, unreal but not fantasy. Disneyland, to adults, who almost outnumber the delighted kids, is a retreat (or escape, if you will) from the anxieties of that scramble and the conformities it imposes. All escape is not neurotic. What's sick about a vacation?

There is here a germane paradox: while the films and the park were both Disney's deeply personal creations—and while in some ways they overlap as reflections of his attitudes—most of the criticisms that can reasonably be leveled at the movies simply do not apply to Disneyland.

Item: It is the only major amusement park in America which does not stimulate and capitalize upon hostile aggression and competitiveness. Nor upon fright. Its thrills (except to overgrownups like Ciardi and Halevy)

are derived from and targeted to the child in us. I'm sure Dr. Spock would concur.

Item: Disneyland is relatively free of appeals to chauvinism and racism. The qualification is necessitated by an "Aunt Jemima" restaurant, a suspicious paucity of Negro help, even in the unskilled functions, and several concessions to stereotype: e. g., panicky blacks from a safari pursued by wild animals and climbing a totem pole having a white man symbolically at the top; and an exhibit of birds from different countries that speak English in stereotypical accents—*mañana* Mexicans, oo-la-la Frenchmen, pidgin Chinese, etc. The patronizing is not blatant, but it has a cumulative effect. Nevertheless, "It's a Small World" is more representative of the park's overall tone. Here the singing and dancing doll-children of the earth—white and black, brown and yellow—are equally attractive and charming. It is the one-world concept applied to a child's dream of a toy store come wondrously to life. The "adventure," originally presented in New York at the fair, scarcely reflected Uncle Walt's political views, so there may have been a liberal Moses in the bulrushes. (The commercial sponsor of the exhibit is the Bank of America, thinking globally these days since going international, with branches and agents everywhere this side of the dollar curtain.)

Item: Through the most intelligently managed system of controls—from parking to adventuring and dining—an entirely new kind of crowd behavior is stimulated. The same people who grow raucously assertive at ball games and prize fights, and in other amusement parks, here comport themselves with a conspicuous good nature and freedom from irritation that has been remarked by observers less than by biased press agents. Squalling infants, even at fatigue peak in the evening hours, are rare. The park's ban on alcohol, determined by its family orientation, reduces hooliganism to a minimum. In 1965 there was only one "rumble" in Disneyland, and it was swiftly suppressed, without counter violence. Last year was altogether untroubled. The almost Dutch cleanliness of the pavement and exhibits, under ceaseless janitoring, is contagious. People respond, consciously or otherwise, to their surroundings. Do you see cigarette butts and beer cans in a cemetery? Perhaps Khrushchev's eagerness to visit the park betrayed more than the roly-poly child in Nikita, and was to verify spy rumors that this was capitalist crowd handling at its smoothest—a technique applicable to his own centers of culture and rest. In a nation of endless queues, so corrupting to tempers and morale, Disneyland has devised a pattern of narrow-railed aisles, humorously suggesting a rat maze, and creating the illusion of a short line.

Item: There is a fixed policy of no-pitch, no-hustle. Instead of the pock-nosed carnies of boardwalk familiarity, fresh-faced youngsters, recruited mainly from the neighboring colleges, are given a six-week course in manners at the "University of Disneyland," and emerge as courteous as librarians.

Item: No gangsters, frontier or modern, are glorified. The park's only historical hero is Abe Lincoln, an astonishingly (even disturbingly) lifelike robot animated in speech and movement with electronic sorcery. The



sponsor of the Great Emancipator spectacle, not surprisingly, is Lincoln Savings.

Offsetting these virtues, many critics remark the middle-class, somewhat shallow and anti-intellectual, character of the Disney entertainment product. One of the qualities of its babbittry is a stubborn, uncritical optimism: things are getting better and better; what's faulty will inevitably be corrected. An amusing illustration of this is in "Rocket to the Moon," a simulated space ride in that section of the Disney pie called Tomorrowland. It is circa 1970, and the taped voice of the alleged captain of the vessel proclaims as we approach home: "That cloudy mass you see on the earth is not smog—it is a bank of clouds. Smog was eliminated in North America some time ago." The audience (passengers) laughed. To their inflamed eyes this was wishful thinking. To Disney it was prophecy.

Disney's films have come in for a similar but heavier bombardment from the educated. Again to quote Dr. Sayers, whose misgivings are typical:

I think Disney falsifies life by pretending that everything is so sweet, so saccharine, without any conflict except the obvious conflict of violence. I think that even in the lines of Mother Goose you find an element that is in all great literature, and that is the realization that in life is a tragic tension between good and evil, between disaster and triumph, and it isn't all a matter of sweetness and light. The first people to know this intuitively are the children themselves. . . . This, I think, is the tragic break in Disney. He misplaces the sweetness and misplaces the violence, and the result is like soap opera, not really related to the great truths of life.

The Sayers anger might be extended to the bedrock Hollywood rationalization: "We have to give them what they want if we are to stay in business!" It overlooks the point that having retarded the child, our alternative is to cater to his deficiency. He wants what he has been taught to want.

To all such diatribes Disney responded with mild hurt and dismay; and a kind of bewilderment, since his belief in movies and television as solely entertainment

was sincere. And because he was the only producer whose name on the marquee sold tickets (except possibly De Mille, another treacle salesman), his policy was fortified by the primary American judgment: what makes money must be good. As Al Capone once put it to the present writer: "How can a million dollars be wrong?"

Until his last illness Uncle Walt was reputed to be a happy uncle. He may have had dark moments in his private projection room, but he was smilingly insistent that happiness pervade his films, like a permanent Edgar Guest in the house. Motion pictures accounted for 46 per cent of his happily diversified empire; TV contributed 8 per cent more. Some indication of the cash value of happiness is the box-office intake of *Mary Poppins*, a gross approaching \$50 million, with more ahead from reissue and eventual television rights. *That Darn Cat* is expected to do almost as well.

Until two decades ago, Disney catered very little to the national sweet tooth. He concentrated, rather, upon breaking ground and ground rules. Some of his innovations were recklessly *avant-garde*, earning him pages in the journals of serious students of the cinema. Robert Feild, a Harvard professor of art, wrote a carefully researched encomium, *The Art of Walt Disney*, in 1942.

Ironically, the decline of the Disney fortunes was touched off by his first big hit, *Snow White*, which the industry looked forward to, with secret glee, as a foolish departure from convention. When the picture became a noisy success, here and abroad, Walt and his normally cautious brother, Roy, went on an inflationary spree of feature-length animated cartoons, all enormously costly. The company had gone deep into debt to build the Burbank studio, and was in a precarious position unless each of these pictures would do better than pay its way. When *Fantasia* flopped, the Disneys were in Zeckendorf-type trouble, overexpanded and with dismal credit. The bankers had, somewhat reluctantly, loaned construction money to Disney when their community studies indicated that the site he had chosen for a studio

could perhaps be better used for a hospital: that explains the oversize elevators and the reception desks at both ends of all halls. There is small likelihood today of the studio's being converted into a hospital, even with Disney gone, but the bankers' researches were right: the Catholic Church has since built a hospital across the street.

In desperation the Disneys were compelled to "go public," sharing ownership and control with an army of alien stockholders. For Walt this could have meant the sacrifice of artistic freedom to avoid bankruptcy. Shareholders disapprove of experimentation with *their* money. More immediately, the situation called for severe reduction of studio overhead. Disney's behavior in this period scarcely sustains the benevolent paternalism of his sedulously nurtured image. It is missing from the swollen library of Disneyana, like George Washington's false teeth. Even John McDonald, in an otherwise excellent *Fortune* piece, ignores the salient facts and substitutes sentimentality.

Disney first confronted the crisis of 1941 in a plea to his employees—a compound of passion and anguish and charm—that they take a wage cut or face wholesale firings. Everyone chose the cut to save the job. Within a fortnight Disney violated the gentlemen's agreement by dismissing thirteen men, of whom twelve were militants in the Screen Cartoonists Guild, then seeking recognition under the Wagner Act as the bargaining agent for the animated cartoon industry. In the prolonged strike that followed, to make Disney's studio a closed shop, the rehiring of the thirteen men was a major union demand.

In *Fortune's* account it was a "jurisdictional strike," and it added that "the event so dismayed Walt Disney that he wept." There are of course jurisdictional strikes, conflicts of power between labor blocs, but the phrase is also often used to arouse public prejudice against a legitimate walkout. As for the Disney tears, they were more likely symptoms of rage than of dismay. Filmed views of his confrontation of the picket line show him in apoplectic fury.

One of Disney's defensive measures was to exploit illusion, his specialty, as a strikebreaking weapon. The studio was 50 per cent struck. To convey the impression that only a few mavericks had gone out, photographs were taken from the air by the *Los Angeles Times*, a stern Uncle Walt having ordered that all the automobiles of the on-the-job workers and the studio cars and trucks be taken from sheds and garages and posed for the skyborne cameras.

The current obese solvency of the Disney complex (total income in 1965 was \$110 million) is due only in part to the marshmallow cream puffs of intellectual disdain. The ship of fantasy is now a flotilla, all vessels controlled from a single port but each with a separate identity and cargo.

Until Disney, horizontal diversification was unknown in show business, unless popcorn can be so construed. Production and exhibition—recently divorced by a Supreme Court that has not prevented clandestine remarriage—is not diversification; it is neutral control.

Roy Disney has made a brilliant application of insurance-company structuring to the entertainment field. In fact, it has a tighter logic—that of fingers on a hand. Disneyland advertises Disney movies and animal personalities, Disney TV plugs the park, where commercial exhibits by TV advertisers reduce overhead and raise profits. And the same golden symbiosis applies to publications, comic strips, toys and 2,000 other products.

And yet—may not the empire crack and crumble with the death of Caesar? Stockholders and top staffers have long been worried about that, and even the atheists among them prayed for his immortality. Roy Disney may have joined them in supplication, but this did not preclude an insurance policy, with the company as beneficiary, larger than Mrs. Graham's coverage of Billy.

In my view, the apprehension is groundless. Disney Enterprises has long and widely been considered a one-man overlordship, a multiple genius surrounded by echoes. This is a dogma to make a legendary figure out of Uncle Walt. (Part of the ritual was an arrangement whereby Disney picked up all the studio Oscars, a usurpation resented by the creators.) The need for this aggrandizement stemmed in part from the studio's casting policy. Hollywood pundits say that "Disney gets them on the way up or on the way down," spurning the star system with its bloated salaries. To compete in the glamour game, Disney himself became the box-office attraction—as producer of a predictable family style and the father of a family of lovable animals.

Behind the façade has always been a legion of diverse, anonymous talents. Except for the loss of its generalissimo, this army is today intact, and with a general staff. Of the established components of the mother-lode, Disneyland now needs Disney no more than *The Saturday Evening Post* needs Ben Franklin. As for the live-action films and TV, they are also on their own, requiring to maintain altitude only an inventive mediocrity—the basic coin of Hollywood.

What may be affected (if the myth of Walt's indispensability has penetrated the banking heart) are the two gigantic projects of potential *super* profits, long on the expansionary drawing board—Mineral King and the invasion of Florida.

Closer to fruition, with ample pledged financing, Mineral King is planned as an Alpine village in the Sequoia National Forest, a year-round ski resort to accommodate 20,000 on the slopes at one time—and house and feed them. Tentative budget: \$38 million. There are no insurmountable engineering difficulties; the only snag is political. An extended highway through mountain terrain is vital, and its cost would place too great an amortization burden on the resort. So the Disneys have been insisting that the state pay the bill, with an argument not altogether selfish: tourism is big business in California. Now Uncle Walt's extraordinary gifts of persuasion are missing—but so is Pat Brown. Governor Reagan will probably be happy to dedicate the road as a macadam memorial to his old friend.

More uncertain is the destiny of the Florida promotion, a jumbo Disneyland and "model city of the future," to be located near Orlando. Disney's biggest

dream, the construction estimate is \$500 million, it promises to ignite the biggest boom since William Jennings Bryan sold real estate in Florida.

It promises another reward for the Disneys—an atonement for the sickening mistake they made when they founded Disneyland. Building the park on cheap desert land (rather than in Burbank, the original idea) was sharp operation. But creating a powerful crowd magnet for outsiders to profit from was a galling oversight. In the last decade, a prosperous growth of hotels, motels, restaurants, gas stations and stores, even a wax museum (fantasy cribbing), have mushroomed around Disneyland. The neighboring town of Anaheim, formerly a sleepy village, is today a bustling big town, with a thriving John Birch Society chapter. It is a kind of cheating, like watching drive-in movies from outside the fence.

No such error is to tarnish the Florida triumph. Land has been bought, or optioned, in large concentric circles, including a buffer region. *This* time no pip-squeak parasites were to get rich off Uncle Walt. Now it is not certain that this sweet revenge will come to pass, but there is a straw in the wind: when news of Walt's demise came over the news ticker, the Disney stock dipped a melancholy dollar. However, it quickly rallied on the rumor of a merger with Litton Industries, a saber-toothed holding company. Such a union could signal the conquest of Florida.

Just how does one assay the Disney phenomenon? To call him a genius, as his sycophants do, is not only absurd; it is unenlightening. I think the man's unique success can be understood only by reference to his personal *non-uniqueness*. Of all the activists of public

diversion, Uncle Walt was the one most precisely in the American midstream—in taste and morality, attitudes and opinions, prides and prejudices. The revealing clue is his familiar (and utterly sincere) statement that he never made a picture he didn't want his family to see. His competitors made pictures they thought, or guessed, the public wanted to see. Disney operated through maximal *identification* with John Doe; the others seek to discover what John Doe is like in order to cater to him.

The celebrated Disney inventiveness is the x-factor in the success story. A key to this might be found in his immaturity, or not realized maturity—not used here in the pejorative sense. Walt, growing from infant to child to youngster, to adult, to uncle and granduncle, never abandoned the delights and preoccupations of each stage of development, as most of us have done, at least in part. This was his "genius." Disneyland could have been created only by a man-child who never tired of toys or shed the belief that animals and insects have human attributes.

Not long ago he described his role with a characteristic metaphor:

"You know, I was stumped one day when a little boy asked, 'Do you draw Mickey Mouse?' I had to admit I didn't draw any more. 'Then you think up all the jokes and ideas?' 'No,' I said, 'I don't do that.' Finally he looked at me and said: 'Mr. Disney, just what do you do?' . . . 'Well,' I said, 'sometimes I think of myself as a little bee. I go from one area of the studio to another and gather pollen and sort of stimulate everybody. I guess that's the job I do.'"

It isn't every man who is privileged to write his own epitaph.

POLITICS OF COPPER

PROXY FIGHT IN THE CONGO

PAUL SEMONIN

Mr. Semonin received his M.A. at the University of Ghana and spent an additional year in French-speaking West Africa under a Ford Foundation fellowship.

Rarely since the inauguration of the "Open Door" policy at the Berlin Conference of 1884 has Washington missed an opportunity to send an emissary to referee a Congo contest. Therefore, Theodore Sorensen's recent trip to Kinshasa set off wide speculation again about Washington's role in the controversy over the new state's expropriation of the huge Belgian mining complex of Union Minière. The Congolese Government hired the former aide to the late President Kennedy along with a French lawyer named René Floriot to argue the Congo's case against the Belgian company.

The Nation caught the scent of these developments several weeks ago [editorial, February 13] by drawing attention to the mild U.S. reaction to the nationalization, while noting the involvement of American interests in a

consortium rumored to be moving toward a purchase of the 40 per cent of shares in the new Congolese company being offered to foreign investors. Although these companies flatly denied the reports, the sight of NATO lawyers flocking to the scene brings back memories of the disarray in the West at Suez and raises many questions about their motives today.

Few observers puzzling over this display are likely to give the Congolese credit for putting the NATO powers on opposite sides of the negotiating table. To most veteran Congo hands the line-up resembles a kangaroo court, with the Western powers calling all the shots. But the remarkable fact seems to be the unprecedented flexibility of the young President in the face of these pressures. I suggest that the time has come to regard more carefully the coalescence of forces brought onto the scene by Mobutu's coup. The shaky political system inherited from the Belgians has clearly been streamlined to give a new generation of Congolese leaders increased maneuverability against the continued sway of Western powers.

Three guidelines are useful for analyzing the exceedingly complex developments surrounding the Union Minière affair and the corresponding strategy adopted by the Congolese to achieve "economic independence." The first point to recognize is the unique conditions posed by the role of the Congo state as a principal shareholder in Union Minière. Legal participation by the Congolese Government in an important sector of the *Belgian* economy has greatly complicated the latter's relations with its former colony and has spurred efforts toward disengagement. The Union Minière conflict has characteristics of a proxy fight between major shareholders for control over a corporation rather than pure nationalization.

Second, the expropriation, with all its legal ironies, should be set squarely in the context of the sharpened rivalries in the Atlantic community. Sorensen and Floriot's bizarre appearance across the table from the Belgians corresponds to the international conjuncture facing the developing Congolese nation.

Third, the ulterior motives or "side effects" of American policy beyond the designated cold-war priorities should be kept in mind. European powers are beginning to question the avowed anti-Communist aims of Washington's containment policy in the light of a growing American penetration of their markets.

President Mobutu's statement last summer, following the dissolution of the diamond mining company Forminière, keynotes the legal roots of his government's policy toward Union Minière. "Why nationalize?" he asked a Belgian television audience, "I don't need to nationalize." He described the dissolution of Forminière, in which the Congolese state held a 55 per cent share, as a move "to redress the balance of corporate control."

The most troublesome aspect of the Union Minière case for the juridically minded Belgian businessmen stemmed from similarly sizable holdings in the company which the new state inherited from the old colonial administration. Belgian business circles were naturally alarmed before independence by the prospect of the Congolese controlling 35.7 per cent of the voting rights in Union Minière by virtue of the colonial state's two-third share in a charter company called the Comité Spécial du Katanga (CSK).

Recognizing the danger of such legalized "mixed enterprise," Belgian officials arranged with the Compagnie du Katanga, a private company holding the other one-third share of CSK, to dissolve the charter company on June 27, 1960, only three days before independence. This act reduced the voting rights controlled by the Congolese state in Union Minière by one-third to 24.5 per cent which while still the largest shareholding was smaller than the voting bloc formed by the other major shareholders, Société Générale, Tanganyika Concessions and Compagnie du Katanga.

Reactions varied in Belgium when the act dissolving the CSK was never formally ratified by the Congolese parliament, although the Belgian Government refused to cede to the Congolese titles they possessed in private companies on the ground that these were "held in trust" to guarantee payment of the external debt inherited by

the Congolese from the colonial administration. Belgium was not forced to negotiate the transfer of the Congo's portfolio of investments, including the Union Minière shares, until the arch foe of the present government, Moïse Tshombe, issued a decree on November 29, 1964, rescinding the concessionary rights of three Belgian-run companies, including the CSK. Tshombe's provocative gesture melted into the cigar smoke at Val Duchesse castle in Belgium three months later when he met privately with delegates from the Compagnie du Katanga to sign an agreement highly favorable to the Belgians. The private agreement confirmed the diminution of the Congo's voting rights in Union Minière to 24.5 per cent, and opened the way to the signing of a separate bilateral treaty on February 6, 1965, dealing with the whole gamut of financial questions between the two countries.

The new Congolese cabinet appointed by Mobutu called into question portions of this treaty on May 6 last year when it announced that by January 1, 1967, all companies legally constituted in the Congo would have to move their headquarters to the Congo. Union Minière demonstrated its inscrutable paternalism then by answering the Congolese with a conciliatory statement setting down firmly the limits of the company's generosity. The company's president, Louis Wallef, told the annual general meeting on May 26 that the board of directors had decided to set up an "administrative headquarters" in Kinshasa. Wallef made a clear distinction, however, between the opening of administrative headquarters and "the plan for a company established under Congolese law," which was "fraught with difficulties" owing to its "fiscal implications."

Last fall Wallef led the company's delegation to Kinshasa for formal negotiations with Congolese officials about the transfer. He proposed a geographic division of Union Minière into two companies, Union Minière du Congo, a mining company consisting of the company's assets in the Congo, and Union Minière et Métallurgie, a Brussels-based company managing the sales end of the new company's activities, its monetary reserves and portfolio of investments. Shares in the first company were to be split fifty-fifty, while the Congo's share in the second company was to be the same 18 per cent held in the old company.*

President Mobutu's complaint later about the high-handed manner in which Wallef conducted the talks might normally be attributed to hurt Congolese pride. But other published reports confirm Mobutu's claim that the Union Minière president at first flatly refused to negotiate with the appointed Congolese delegation headed by Albert Ndele, governor of the National Bank. He reportedly asked the Congolese: "Where are your advisers? How can we start talking in their absence?"

Wallef's composure would not have been ruffled if he had faced, as in the past, a subaltern clerk in the guise of cabinet minister carrying brief cases of Belgian advice

*The shares held by each party should not be confused with their voting rights; the Congo controlled 25.4 per cent of the shares and 35.7 per cent of the country's voting rights before the dissolution of CSK; afterward the Congo held 18 per cent shares and 24.5 per cent of the voting rights.

under each arm. But President Mobutu's closest advisers on economic policy are neither subaltern clerks nor Belgians but young university graduates schooled in "free enterprise" economics and Belgian law. Wallef entered the room to find himself alone with a "Lumumbist" lawyer, a Congolese banker and a post-Keynesian economist bargaining for control over a corporation instead of looking for the perennial *matabiche* or handout.

The talks ultimately foundered on more substantive issues than Wallef's crusty contempt for Congolese negotiators. After nearing a signed agreement in early December, negotiations suddenly hung fire on several issues pertaining to the marketing of the new Congolese company's products. On a last-minute trip to Brussels shortly before Christmas, Congolese Foreign Minister Bomboko recounted how the Congolese had discovered on rereading the Union Minière proposal that the Congo would lose control over all copper leaving the country, including the \$200 million worth then moving through the shipment "pipe line." The agreement required them to accept on faith Union Minière's accounting of sales without any legal right to be informed of marketing procedures. Marketing of Union Minière's products had previously been entrusted to a separate company, which kept vital sales information cloaked in secrecy.

The *Financial Times* reported that among the "points of friction" leading to the breakdown of negotiations were the old company's request for control of marketing, a 6 per cent tax on the sales of copper and key posts on the board of the new company, including the chairmanship. The journal claimed that the underlying purpose of the Congolese efforts to secure the transfer of the company's head offices was the desire to have proceeds from export sales channeled through sources other than the Belgian National Bank in Brussels. Union Minière's strict control over marketing, and the cloistered management of external assets, represented in Congolese eyes similar financial controls dating from colonial days which, to borrow a phrase from the Belgians, did not provide them with "adequate security for *their* investments" and constituted major obstacles to any effective planning of the "national economy."

Union Minière's tersely worded statement on December 23, only a week before the Congolese deadline for the transfer of company headquarters, announced that "as a matter of law and fact, the domicile and central headquarters of the company could not be transferred to Kinshasa." Besides requiring the unanimous consent of all shareholders, a transfer placing "all the assets of the company situated outside the Congo" under Congolese jurisdiction would, according to the board, deny shareholders adequate security for their investments.

The company's statement made no reference to the real Congolese grievances. Kinshasa's representatives were not bargaining merely to get their hands on Union Minière's external assets but rather to mitigate various forms of financial hegemony associated with previous marketing practices, the handling of customs duties and balance of payments accounts.

Prospects for any compromise solution went by the

board with the Congolese decision to enforce the deadline on the company's transfer. The formation of a new company by the Congolese Government on December 31, *Congolaise Générale des Minerais*, was a point of no return. Even though concessions may still be made and new agreements reached, each party altered significantly the terms of the dispute after this rupture, leaving behind them numerous burned bridges.

Union Minière's statement on January 3 shows the firmness with which the company met the Congolese action. Its most significant step was the nullification of the Congo state's shareholding in Union Minière. By entrusting the company's mining concession to a new company, the board of directors argued, the Congolese Government had "rendered null and void the Congolese participation in Union Minière, as well as the connected rights." The company declared with a curiously "business as usual" blandness that Union Minière would be able to continue "satisfactory activities" whether or not the company gains any indemnification for its losses.

How does a company claiming to have lost the bulk of assets worth an estimated \$800 million expect to continue "business as usual" with assets outside the Congo which the company itself values at only a "sizable fraction" of the property lost? For the time being the company can be reasonably confident of some compensation from continued control over the marketing of Congolese copper since the agreement of "technical cooperation" signed on February 17 between the Congolese company and *Société Générale des Minerais*, a subsidiary of Union Minière, designates the latter as the "contracting administrative and technical agent" of the Congolese company. Belgian investors have additional assurance in that the Congolese have also agreed to submit the question of compensation to international arbitration.

The board of director's response to the Congolese action was undoubtedly based on other long-run benefits deriving from carefully thought out plans for disposing of the new liabilities associated with the Congo operations since independence. Rumors in Brussels last May, for example, intimated that company officials were discussing even then a plan for "nationalization" with indemnification as a suitable way out. The increasing liabilities created by the Congolese demands for integration into the "national economy" and the poor economic health of the country in general had long ruffled the sober business sense of Belgian investors. Union Minière's statement December 23 claimed that had the new fiscal charges applied in 1966 been enforced in 1965, the net profit of 843 million Belgian francs would have been transformed into a loss of 778 million. Loss of income on the dual rate of currency exchange had also cut deeply into the company's rate of profit since 1963. Despite a period of rising production and high prices, the net profit per share for the last four years averaged only 49 francs compared to 274 francs in 1959.

Viewed over the long run, a serious adjustment not only seemed inevitable but very likely was desirable in Belgian opinion. While a "geographic division" of the companies' assets was probably the preferable solution,

expropriation achieved many of the same goals. The Congolese would have to shoulder the tax load and the losses on currency exchange while the "sizable fraction" of the old company's external assets would be freed from the dangerous flywheel effect of Congolese shareholding that had disturbed the equilibrium of Belgian finance for years.

The presence of Sorensen and Floriot on the scene testifies to the international pressures influencing Union Minière's decision to renovate its ties with the Congo. French purchases of Congolese copper had mounted spectacularly in the first six months of 1966 until France was buying an estimated 40 per cent of the Congo's copper. Jean Nicault, head of the French mining mission in the Congo, stated flatly after the formation of the new Congolese company that "France is firmly decided to support the Congo in the present difficulties it is going through in the mining domain." After overtures from Foreign Minister Bomboko, representatives of the consortium organized by Banque Lambert, including the French metal fabricators Penarroya and an Anglo-American company, Rhodesian Selection Trust, flew to Kinshasa in mid-February as "observers" to report on the evolution of negotiations. While these companies denied any intent to force Union Minière out, their presence probably served to keep the Belgians "honest" in their talks with Congolese officials.

Belgium's competitors are not likely to risk the capital or the political repercussions to make a really clean sweep and take over Union Minière's operations. The real stakes generating these veiled bids are the country's vast unexploited mineral deposits which the Congolese, along with various Western interests, refuse to leave on private preserves forbidden to everyone except the Belgians. Belgian finance appears in this respect to be yielding to pressure for an international capitalization of the Congo's resources—comparable to the precedent set by France in encouraging consortium financing of the huge manganese deposits in Gabon, or the iron ore in Guinea and Mauritania. In adopting this policy France, too, was adjusting to the strain on its resources by sharing the cost of developing the most vital ore bodies.

President Mobutu's desire to create a viable "national economy" obviously runs counter to this trend toward the opening of the country's resources to unfettered capitalist powers. It would be a mistake, however, to interpret his present Open Door policy simply as a capitulation to Western powers or a sellout to American interests. As least temporarily, the effect has been to loosen the grip of Société Générale's financial empire on the country's economy. Rivalries among other Western powers vying for increased influence on or entry into the Congo market provide the Congolese with a breathing space within the interstices of the vast financial empires of the West. Viewing with a certain realism their limited resources for combating the nefarious behavior of these interests, the Congolese seem to be evolving a variation on the tactic of "nonalignment," using one mammoth power to offset another.

The United States tends to be the primary target of Belgian resentment at the Congo's manipulation of the

old American Open Door policy. United States Ambassador to Belgium, Ridgeway Knight, had to allay Belgian fears at the growth of American influence in a speech last year to the Cercle Royal Africain, whose members rank among the most influential Belgian interests in the Congo. "You can rest assured," he said, "that the United States has no secret designs or projects for seizing the Congo."

Actually, there does seem to be a swing of the pendulum away from the peak period of 1964-65 when U.S. military aid to the Congo was four times that of Belgium. And after momentarily replacing Belgium as the chief supplier of goods to the Congo in 1963, the United States has slipped lately in the face of surging competition from other European countries.

Bachir Ben Yachmid, the editor of the popular African magazine, *Jeune Afrique*, observed not so long ago that American intervention in the Congo was originally based on the theory that Lumumba's repudiation of Belgian hegemony had created a "vacuum," eyed enviously by the Soviet Union. Looked at through the kaleidoscope of 1960, the threat of Soviet intervention in the Congo, or later the artfully manipulated China scare, may indeed have appeared more substantial than the antagonisms among Western nations in guiding the formulation of American policy. Yet now when the dust has settled, the former seem too illusory to explain fully the motives behind this policy. After all, the architect of our containment policy, John Foster Dulles, once remarked: "The colonial system is obsolete and should be done away with as soon as possible." His militant anti-communism clearly went hand in hand with a "limited economic war" on the private spheres of influence formerly belonging to European powers.

American Congo policy will undoubtedly be overhauled along with the rest of our African policy once the State Department digests the Korry report on African affairs submitted to President Johnson last fall. Apparently the report describes the Congo situation as "dangerously fluid." Ambassador Godley's recall from Kinshasa in October reflected the growing apprehension with President Mobutu's policies long before the Union Minière crisis. Theodore Sorensen's voyage to the Congo, therefore, became the hinge on which American interests swung during the recent crisis.

The amelioration of the Congo's relations with neighboring African countries as the rebellion declined modestly enhances President Mobutu's position in these delicate maneuvers. Since the Nairobi conference of East African heads of state last April, his prestige in the crucial states adjoining the Congo has risen enormously. The threat of Tshombe's return has lessened considerably, especially in the light of complaints by a Belgian senator that the Belgian Government had denied three requests by Tshombe for a visa during the height of the Union Minière controversy. Mobutu's real test remains his handling of the strange bedfellows arguing his case against Union Minière. Should Washington and Brussels develop any concerted opposition to his policies, the tiny breathing space afforded by their rivalry could close on him like a vise.

The Case of the Culpable Victim

MICHAEL FOONER

Mr. Fooner, chairman of the Metropolitan Crime Prevention Project of the American Society of Criminology, participated in the United Nations Congress on Crime Prevention and Treatment of Offenders, Stockholm.

Poverty, it is generally assumed, is a primary cause of crime. The report of the President's National Crime Commission, just released, tends to reinforce this supposition. Yet in the United States today, prosperity has reached unprecedented heights, poverty is decreasing and crime is growing more rapidly than ever. If the causes of crime are ever to be understood in our society, and if crime is ever to be effectively controlled, we must study the relationship of wealth, as well as poverty, to the pattern of crime.

The following statistical information will set the stage for such an examination:

¶ Serious crimes have been increasing for decades and by 1962 were being committed at a rate of 2 million per year; by early 1967 the rate will rise above 3 million per year; a rise of 50 per cent in a five-year period.

¶ Poverty* in the same period has been declining. The assault on poverty became high national policy just thirty years ago with the Social Security Act, Wagner Act, minimum wage laws and other measures to ameliorate the condition of the disadvantaged. In those years one-third of the nation was declared to be "ill-fed, ill-clothed, ill-housed, and insecure"; by 1961, the number of families at poverty level had dropped to 20 per cent, and by 1965 their number was down to 17 per cent.

¶ The national economy has been improving. Between 1961 and 1965, unemployment decreased (4.8 million to 3.5 million), employment increased (67 million to 72 million), earnings of individuals increased (\$303 billion to \$392 billion, up 30 per cent, and national income increased (\$427 billion to \$555 billion, also up 30 per cent). Other indices of economic well-being in our society have been generally bullish: automobile ownership, consumer goods acquisition, credit, money in circulation.

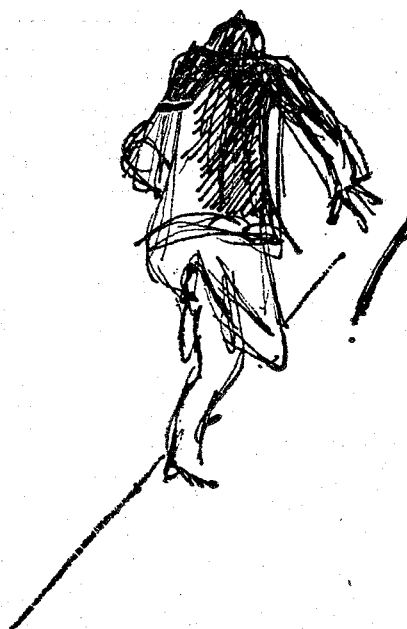
The great bulk—some 90 per cent—of serious crimes in our society is directed against property: burglary and various types of theft. Thus, without attempting to minimize the seriousness of crimes of violence, it can be asserted that crimes against property are the principal factor in the criminality of our times.

Taking a fresh look, with this fact in mind, we may ask ourselves: Who are the criminals? In recent times most commentators have based their views on statistics of arrests, without seeming to question whether arrested persons are representative of the whole criminal population—as quite obviously they are not.

*Reference here to a decrease in number of families at poverty level in no sense implies that the problem has diminished in importance or should be dealt with less vigorously. But it should be dealt with in its own terms.

Official and civic agencies responsible for the control of crime center attention on persons whose behavior is deviant or psychologically disturbed—dope addicts, juvenile delinquents, rapists, murderers, et al. Of course, many of these commit thefts and burglaries, but the evidence suggests that the majority of all such offenses are committed by persons whose behavior otherwise is within the norms of the community. In fact, successful thieves and burglars are successful because they look and act like ordinary people.

Addicts, delinquents, rapists and other such alienated persons are the clients and potential clients of correctional agencies, while the majority of offenders engaging in crimes against property form sub-societies that func-



tion as states within the state. This latter segment of criminals has become virulent by its ability to share substantially in the rewards of our national economic progress.

With 3 million serious crimes annually just ahead of us, and with a historical record in which 90 per cent of the offenses are concerned with property, it seems evident that to understand the causes and mechanisms of modern criminality we must search in areas other than those of poverty, flawed family relationships, discrimination and psychological abnormalities that have received almost exclusive attention in the past. Indeed, present knowledge indicates that there is no real evidence of a general relationship between such problems and criminality.

Individuals subjected to these handicaps emerge as pillars of the community at least as often as they become criminals. S. M. Robison, in her recent *Study of the Youthful Delinquent Behavior of Men Who Are Respectable Members of Society*, suggests that the personality characteristics conventionally associated with criminals and with poverty, flawed family relationships, discrimination and

psychological abnormalities, are also found among lawyers, doctors, business and political leaders, clergy and policemen. Dr. Robison's work is a more scientific way of stating the old adage: "The best cops and the best crooks come from the same place," but she has extended the observation to other types of work.

To open the door to other lines of thinking about the causes of crime, it seems pertinent to probe for a relationship between affluence and criminality.

For example, while national and individual income grew by 30 per cent from 1961 to 1965, burglaries increased 38 per cent, larcenies and auto theft increased 50 per cent. There has also been an "upgrading" in value of stolen property. Concerning burglary, the most prevalent of all offenses, the principal increase has been occurring where an "affluent society" should expect it, where people live:

	per cent
All Burglaries.....	Up 38
Nonresidential Burglaries.....	Up 32
Residential Burglaries.....	Up 50

The statistics on crime today indicate that a great deal of property is changing hands illegally. How and why?

National surveys were conducted in 1961 and in 1965 to determine the incidence of personal loss of cash by the American people. Based on interviews and standard sampling methods, they were designed to measure how people lose cash, how much and in what ways. The study of the survey data disclosed that enormous sums of cash are lost from carelessness. In other words, not only do people lose in the aggregate, enormous sums of money but also, in effect, they offer incentive and aid to offenders. While the survey was specifically concerned with losses of cash, it is probable that the same pattern could be traced to jewelry, furs, automobiles, credit cards, electronic appliances and the whole variety of objects that are the hallmarks of membership in the affluent society.

The 1961 survey found that the American people lost cash at a rate exceeding \$700 million per year; the later survey showed the amount greatly increased, a finding consistent with the expansion of the national economy. The original survey report said: "... carelessness in handling cash is so persistently a part of everyday living it must be deemed almost a national habit." These studies suggest a "profile" of the cash-losing "careless American." He (or she) carries cash negligently in pocket, wallet or handbag, leaves it unguarded in hotel or motel room, in an auto or around the home, or at the office, plant or shop. Individuals vary, of course, and some of them drop their guard only when distracted by excitement, tension or drink, at sports events, places of public accommodation or on trains, planes, ships and buses.

The variety of careless acts and the circumstances in which victims perform them is matched by the variety of criminal specialties in the sub-societies—those of thieves, burglars, pickpockets, and so on, who respond to the opportunities created by the careless victims. The two sets of persons participate in a vast series of interactions—considering the national incidence on an annual

basis—each of which is adventitious but all together making a huge and growing total.

In other words, affluence has a double effect: it increases the incentives for the thief and reduces the prudence of the citizen. With more cash coming his way, the citizen's inherent inclination to safeguard his property gives way to attitudes of bravado, casualness or apathy. And this tendency is not confined to the conspicuously wealthy; it can be seen at all economic levels.

More than a quarter century ago H. von Hentig pointed out in *The Criminal and His Victim* that crimes were not invariably unilateral acts but were often interactions between criminal and victims. He also described extensively how victims induced, invited and precipitated the events we call crimes. What von Hentig presented criminologically, the police often describe empirically. For example, in the Uniform Crime Reports it has been stated that in two out of five auto thefts the ignition has been left turned on or the keys have been left in the car; that in one of three residential burglaries a door or window was found open by the burglar.

The tenets of criminal justice in our society take little, if any, account of this behavioral interaction. The civil law has doctrines such as contributory negligence, and recent efforts to work out victim-compensation laws are struggling with the concept of victim responsibility. Traditionally, however, the system of criminal justice places the onus entirely upon the caught criminal.

Although society is injured in the aggregate by the effects of victim-induced opportunities for crime, society does not condemn particular instances of carelessness or imprudence. Very little attention is paid to the effect on police morale of cases where the victim behaved with evident foolishness, nor is thought given to the role of insurance when victims frankly substitute expectation of reimbursement for the exercise of personal vigilance. It will be complicated to define precisely the degree of the victim's responsibility, but perhaps a beginning could be made in jurisdictions where recodification of the criminal law is planned.

In any case, a systematic campaign to reduce crimes must operate in the future from the following premises:

(1) As long as the American economy continues affluent and expanding, and as long as our social mores permit individuals to use money for their status, power and sex drives, we must expect property crimes and total criminality to grow and even accelerate.

(2) Since fewer than one in four property crimes result in an arrest, and fewer than one in eight or ten result in a conviction, our present system of criminal justice is not much of a deterrent. Punishment can almost be said to be accidental. Except for a minority who are mostly unlucky, untrained or inefficient (the well-publicized social deviants), offenders are beyond the reach of criminal justice.

(3) But victims and potential victims, as members of the community, are within reach and it is among them that changes in behavior can be effected which will reduce criminality. A system of preventive education aimed at this objective should be undertaken.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

'Losing Our Cool' — in Ghana

THE RISE AND FALL OF KWAME NKRUMAH: A Study of Personal Rule in Africa. By Henry L. Bretton. Frederick A. Praeger. 232 pp. \$5.95.

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN

Mr. O'Brien, former Vice Chancellor of the University of Ghana, is now the Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities at New York University. He is the author of *To Katanga and Back* (Simon & Schuster) and *Writers and Politics* (Pantheon).

"When Nkrumah"—says Professor Bretton in his preface—"admonished me to be 'intellectually honest' in my writings about Ghana, I decided there and then to oblige by writing a book addressed to the core problem of Ghana—namely Kwame Nkrumah and his political machine."

Henry Bretton is well qualified to undertake the task so rashly assigned to him by Ghana's Osagyefo. A professor of political science at the University of Michigan, he has devoted his main interest to Africa, especially West Africa, over the past ten years. His book, *Power and Stability in Nigeria*, published during the heyday of the Federation, at the time when the "successful progress" of that "great democratic experiment" was being most loudly heralded, went behind the façade of the Nigerian system and laid bare essential weaknesses in the structure itself. Subsequent events have demonstrated the validity of his analysis. Those—and there will be many—who will be angered by his harsh criticisms of Nkrumah's Ghana ought, before pronouncing any judgment on it, to read also his Nigerian book.

Bretton gathered materials for the present work in 1956—that is, before independence—and again in 1959 and 1962: his most extended stay was, however, in 1964-65, during the last period of Nkrumah's reign. I suspect he would have written a somewhat different book—not greatly different in substance but significantly so in tone and emphasis—had he not had the experience of living there at that particular time. I was in Ghana then—it was the last period of my three-year tenure at the University of Ghana—and as Bretton and I were both interested in the same phenomena, and undergoing their impact in similar ways, we often compared notes. When he visited the country briefly early in

1964, during a disturbed period for the university, I was struck by the air of almost clinical detachment with which he contemplated the busy scene (it was a time of mass demonstrations, arrests and deportations).

We were in some danger of losing our cool, but he as a political scientist seemed to look at the matter as a biologist might look at some particularly rich specimen of pond life. I remember him examining with eager curiosity some hitherto unclassified sub-variety of "Messianic Dedication" (a column devoted to extolling Nkrumah's leadership in Eric Heymann's *Evening News*), and myself being moved, rather absurdly, to protest: "Henry, *that's our evening paper!*" When, not long after, he joined as it were the denizens of the pond, his perspective necessarily altered somewhat; not that his method of investigation changed but that it was impossible, living in Ghana, reading its press, and listening to its radio, not to feel more strongly about the Messianic Dedication than those who read or heard about him from afar, through media with more varied interests, would be likely to do. At least one of Nkrumah's more sensitive non-African admirers resolved his dilemma by refusing either to read the local press or listen to the local radio. By this strategy, one got one's news when the air-mail edition of *The Times* reached Accra from London and one was therefore in a position to protest, in unsullied innocence, if that newspaper made allegations about any "cult of personality" in Ghana.

For Henry Bretton, as a political scientist, this resource of voluntary ignorance was not available. His book is, in my view, the better for his sojourn in Ghana, but the reader should be aware that in *The Rise and Fall of Kwame Nkrumah* the accent is necessarily on the *fall*, because it was during the last and worst period of Nkrumah's rule that the author actually lived in Ghana—the period of most hysterical adulation, of most panicky and spendthrift administration, and of most general and heartfelt desire for an end of the regime. Similar considerations apply to my own comments; I find almost invariably that people who lived in Ghana at earlier phases than I

did are more gentle in their judgments on Nkrumah and his regime than I can be. The gentlest in their judgment, and the most enthusiastic are those who never lived in Ghana at all.

Bretton's book is in five main sections. In the first, "Background to Personal Rule," he gives proper weight to a factor often overlooked by most British and some other critics of Nkrumah's authoritarian regime. This is the fact that the colonial regime, whose levers of power Nkrumah inherited, was itself essentially authoritarian:

The colonial regime, beneath a thin veneer of democratic formalism, rested essentially on a highly centralized, hierarchical, authoritarian administration that was deliberately somewhat militaristic. As a matter of policy, the democratic content of the political system at home was not passed on to the subject peoples. It appears that a more or less determined effort was made, behind a smokescreen of constitutionality, to extend to the African successor regime not the heritage of the Westminster model of parliamentary democracy but the authoritarian features of the colonial administration.

This factor applied throughout colonial Africa, and it is hard to see how anyone can have seriously expected institutions of genuine parliamentary democracy to spring up overnight after independence, among people whose only experience of centralized, modern government was of an authoritarian system—and whose experience of traditional systems hinged on chiefs appointed by the authoritarian central government and subservient to it.

In section two, "Kwame Nkrumah: the Political Man," Bretton gives a general verdict which seems fair on Nkrumah's character and aspirations:

Kwame Nkrumah was a moderately capable, highly volatile and energetic, somewhat professional, somewhat amateurish leader. On public record, he was affable, readily forgiving, decidedly humane. Guiding his conduct, there was undoubtedly a strong desire to correct the injustices wrought by the colonial powers in Africa—and in particular upon his people—and a vision, albeit somewhat darkly seen, that he could, by creating a new society in Ghana, correct the social evils he believed to have been developed over a

thousand years of feudalism and capitalism. He undoubtedly had other virtues and probably no fewer than the normal share of weaknesses found in political leaders.

Some of the remarks in the same chapter on Nkrumah's political advisers seem to me less firmly grounded. In particular I think that the influence of Geoffrey Bing was more limited both in time and otherwise than the reader might infer from Bretton's references. In the final and worst period of Nkrumah's rule I have reason to believe that Mr. Bing wielded little or no influence. I believe also that his influence latterly tended to be on the side of restraint—and that is why it waned. Dr. Alan Nunn May (also mentioned as an adviser) had little or no influence, at least in the last period—being compromised in Nkrumah's eyes by his refusal to abet the "take-over" plans for the university.

In the same section Bretton mentions the attempts on Nkrumah's life and notes that these "did not emanate only from domestic sources." He mentions "neighbouring countries"—whose governments did indeed have reason to dislike Nkrumah—and he says that Nkrumah was "positively obsessed by fear of the Central Intelligence Agency." Now I am not one of those who believe that the CIA was responsible for Nkrumah's fall—I agree with Bretton that the domestic reasons for that were so ample as to make an external hypothesis superfluous—but I cannot feel that the word "obsessed" is the *mot juste* here. It suggests that preoccupation with the activities of this agency was irrational, an *idée fixe*. I cannot see that it was irrational. He knew that the CIA was active in Ghana, and also that it had played a significant part in the downfall, and perhaps in the deaths, of other leaders in Africa and Asia; he did not know what it was doing in Ghana or what it intended, or whether anyone else knew what it was doing or what it intended; he did know that from time to time people threw grenades or fired shots in his direction. In the circumstances it seems to me that his preoccupation with the workings of this agency was one of the less whimsical elements in his make-up.

The third and fourth sections are entitled "Building the Political Machine." The choice of the word "machine" instead of "party" is not fortuitous; one of the author's main points is that there really was no party—no entity with a collective will of its own—but only a machine which, under the outward ap-

pearance of a party, served to proclaim and help carry out whatever the leader might wish. Here and in his footnotes, Bretton has some scathing comments on certain academic writers who took the "mass-mobilization" Convention People's Party at its face value. His remarks are certainly justified, for the final years of the Nkrumah regime, and possibly for the earlier years also; there are, however, those who claim that the concept of "the party" as something of a force in itself had validity in earlier years, especially before independence, and that the condition which Bretton accurately describes was reached only late, and by a long process of degeneration, in which the purging of Nkrumah's most able collaborator, Gbedemah, played a decisive part. If this is so—and I think a reasonable case for it can be made—then the academic writers at whom Bretton snipes—David Apter is one of them—are not so wide of the mark as he suggests; they were, after all, writing from the perspective of an earlier point of time, with the confident morning of the movement more clearly in sight, and without prevision of its shady close.

In the fourth section Bretton cites some of the revelations about the corruption of Nkrumah and his regime, and in particular the charge that Nkrumah, in addition to amounts deposited for him in Ghana and abroad, owned extensive real estate holdings and commercial property worth "several million pounds." It may well be so; certainly Ayeh-Kumi's role, as "financial adviser to the President," his intense activity in that capacity and obvious closeness to the seat of power, his enthusiasm for raising large sums of money at high interest rates and short repayment periods from independent foreign capitalists (a characteristic of which I had direct experience in connection with the ill-fated Ghana Medical School) were among the incongruous phenomena of scientific socialism in its Nkrumahist development.

It is impossible to say whether the "Socialist" regime in Ghana was more or less corrupt than the "democratic" one in Nigeria; here—as in other, more rhetorical domains—there was earnest competition between the two systems. As regards the extent of Nkrumah's personal enrichment, however, I think the post-coup revelations of Ayeh-Kumi and others should be treated with some reserve. They were, after all, in the hands of Nkrumah's enemies; they were open to grave charges themselves, as Nkrumah's close, and in some cases most

detested, associates; they had every incentive to maximize Nkrumah's ill-gotten gains, if they were to have any hope of eventually enjoying any part of their own. I doubt whether Nkrumah is now a very wealthy man. Vast sums undoubtedly passed through his hands, but he was a generous man—"princely" in many ways, including the old-fashioned sense of bestowing lavish gifts on friends, mistresses, courtiers, servants, philosophers and soothsayers. Tshombe, a more modern figure, makes a wealthier exile, as the contrast between Madrid and Conakry would suggest.

In the same section Bretton has a number of sound and acid judgments on a body of men who, in the opinion of some outside commentators—and sometimes in their own heated imaginations—manipulated Nkrumah from behind the scenes:

It is hard to imagine a weaker group, a group more dependent on one leader for its very survival than the vaunted Ghanaian Left.

What members of the Left had been able to do, and with reasonable success, was to provide Nkrumah with sets of rationales—literally so in *Consciencism*—that he could use to cloak the old-fashioned, garden-variety political machine in ideologically respectable garments. . . .

If the Leader commanded "turn left," one followed. If he commanded the opposite, one followed also. For whatever Nkrumah wanted was, by definition, correct ideology. It was Nkrumahism.

In section five, "The Final Year," Bretton is dealing with phenomena to which he was able to give close and continuous on-the-spot scrutiny; this section is the strongest in the book, containing a number of grim, succinct and well-founded verdicts on the last phase of Nkrumahism. On economic planning:

Thus, long-range considerations of personnel, manpower recruitment, and resource planning were regularly thrown to the winds, increasingly so toward the end as a result of mounting economic pressure. Such subtle essentials of planning as phasing—the inner logic governing each plan segment and dictating specific courses of action and prescribing appropriate administration machinery—were regularly overridden by *ad hoc*, spur-of-the-moment decisions. These decisions, as likely as not emerging from a . . . conference between Nkrumah and his Minister of Finance or a high-pressure salesman from one of the more highly industrialized countries, would change budget estimates, reallocate expenditures, transfer functions from one Ministry to another, change intra- and inter-agency alloca-

tions at will. Major policy changes were made in this fashion regardless of provisions in the annual or long-range plans, frequently based on no research or systematic consultation whatsoever and disregarding the wholly subordinate, decorative planning, state control, and audit agencies and commissions. Nebulous projects, such as "continent planning" in the case of the 1965 budget, were allowed to influence changes in the estimates, including allocation of actual working capital to "basic-industry construction" although none of the existing plans had made provision for that at this stage.

And this on the Parliament and investigations into corruption, etc.:

On the very few occasions when some kind of action was taken in response to major criticism first voiced on the floor of the Assembly, it was certain that a number of conditions had first been met: (1) an abuse had been uncovered that benefited a person or persons other than the President or anyone favored by the President; (2) a need had been established for a public scape-goat in order to divert public attention from a major flaw in administration; and (3) the co-operation of the President had been secured to stage the appropriate debate, to allow a motion of censure to be introduced, and to allow the press to publish the names of the hapless culprits.

Section six, "Evaluation: The Effects of Personal Rule," and with it the Epilogue seem to me looser and more miscellaneous, incorporating some more sweeping and, to my mind, more doubtful judgments. I see little reason to believe that Nkrumah "was actually delivering Ghana into the economic, political and military grip of either one or both of the Communist powers." The only solid reality here seems to me to be the Russian-trained Presidential guard, representing perhaps a rather faintly potential "military grip." Politically, Ghana remained, as Bretton's book amply shows, in the personal grip of Kwame Nkrumah, who most certainly had no intention of relinquishing this grip for anyone. Economically, Ghana was not in the grip of anyone at all, not even its own government, and certainly not in that of the exporters of Bull's Blood and canned lychees. And how could any government, with the most sinister will in the world, deliver a country into the grip of both Russia and China in 1965, 1966 or the foreseeable future?

In this part of the book Bretton also gives the regime credit—belatedly but not ungenerously—for its constructive economic achievements:

By general consensus, the principal monument to Nkrumah's drive, energy, and vision is the Volta River project at Akosombo, with its diverse and far-reaching benefits—its production of hydro-electric power and its potential for creating further industrialization, new sources of internal commerce, and new means of internal transportation. The project could eventually free millions of Ghanaians from the bonds of poverty and ignorance.

He goes on to praise it also for its remarkable achievement in the expansion of education at every level. He hardly gives Nkrumah due credit however for what may prove his most lasting achievement: his contribution to nation building. His personality and style of leadership were such that the responses to him, both favorable and unfavorable, cut right across tribal lines. These responses developed in such a way that it can be said with truth that in the beginning he united most of Ghana behind him and in the end he united most of Ghana against him. He left Ghana with very great problems but he also left it with a greater sense of national unity and purpose than has been achieved anywhere else in tropical Africa. This was not all Nkrumah's doing, and not all of Nkrumah's contribution to it was voluntary, but he nonetheless played a significant part in the

process of converting a unit with arbitrary boundaries into a nation.

Those who want to know "what went wrong in Ghana" could not do better than read *The Rise and Fall of Kwame Nkrumah*. Subject to certain queries, most of which I have tried to indicate, it is an acute and valid piece of political pathology. Yet reading it I found myself saying not "it wasn't as bad as all that"—because it was—but "it wasn't as bad as this would make you think it was if you read this and hadn't been there."

There was and there remains in the Ghanaian character an elastic, astute power of adjustment, good-humored in appearance, and also (but in a somewhat different way) good-humored in substance. Influenced by this characteristic, the actual workings of the dictatorship were never as horrendous as the zeal of its own press sought to suggest. Bretton himself notes that the record is unstained by any political execution; this notable achievement is symptomatic of much else, distinguishing this regime from the savage dictatorships of Europe. Under Kwame Nkrumah this gifted, cautious, courteous people underwent the first—expensive but effective—phase of its political education. The second phase is now in progress. I look forward to reading, in due course, an interim report on it by Professor Bretton.

A Talk With Doris Lessing

FLORENCE HOWE

On leave from Goucher College, where she teaches English, Miss Howe conducted an interview with Miss Lessing in October, 1966. What follows are excerpted portions of the interview. Doris Lessing, born in Rhodesia, is the author of novels, short stories and personal accounts of life in Africa and England, where she has lived for the last sixteen years. Among her many works are the 4-volume novel series, Children of Violence and The Golden Notebook (both Simon & Schuster).

My father, by white terms, was poor. . . . But he had 3,000 acres of land. He paid 10 bob an acre for it, and this was land off which Africans had been thrown—into reserves. . . . After the Second World War, they did this all again. And for all I know, they're doing it now, this very minute. They "opened up an area to white occupation," as they call it, and the whites coming back from the war got it, and I think it cost 5 bob an acre. Maybe it was 10. The white farmer is given a whopping big

loan from the land bank, and he's in business. My father employed, depending on the season, anywhere between forty to sixty Africans, and an adult male was paid 12/6 a month, which is what, \$1.50? The African is given a day to build himself a hut in the compound. He'll dig a trench, cut some logs, put in the logs, throw some mud on the logs, put some thatch on top of that, and in that he will live. There's no sanitation. A great many farms are like this, as I speak. I'm not talking about vanished conditions.

Since I came to England—I've been here for sixteen years—the whole attitude has changed about color—in two ways. When I came, South Africa hardly existed except for a tiny group of left wingers who went on about it. Now it's in everybody's consciousness. Nobody ever heard of Rhodesia—it didn't exist. Now there's a kind of political consciousness that is new. And the other thing, very strong, is a color prejudice in this country—in England—that hasn't

begun to really show. I think we're going to be appalled when it shows. . . .

Prejudice is very deep in this country, anti-Semitism and anti-color. But you'll find middle-class people with exactly the same prejudices, using careful language but showing it, whereas working-class people are likely to come out with it. And I prefer that. I prefer it "out" to a kind of hidden language, because people these days who will use language to conceal what they really feel are likely to be concealing it from themselves as well, and that is frightening. It's much more frightening than someone in the open, someone who says, "I'd like to bash those niggers if they take my job," something straightforward about that.

What about Vietnam?

I can't say anything about Vietnam except a sense of despair, really. Can one really see this ending? Nobody wants to end it fast, except the Vietnamese. I don't know what's the matter with us. What struck me recently is that somewhere buried in me is a foolish idealist that believes that people must be ashamed of behaving badly. Then I read about white people beating up black children, and not being ashamed of it. Almost as if there's a permanent boil in the human soul.

Do you find it difficult to write?

Actually I'm too prolific. But I agree with Virginia Woolf that everybody should have a private income—what was it, £500 a year? Five hundred a year would have made all the difference to my life. Even now.

Why do you consider The Golden Notebook a failure?

The Golden Notebook was an extremely carefully constructed book. And the way it's constructed says what the book is about—which very few people have understood. . . . What *The Golden Notebook* is taken to be by practically everyone is a latter-day feminism. What I was doing is this: I was thinking about the kind of ideas we take for granted . . . a complex of ideas which could be described as Left—and which were born with the French Revolution. And they're all to do with freedom. They are revolutionary ideas that are no longer revolutionary and have been absorbed into the fabric of how we live. And they're ideas that fit together in a system, broadly speaking, nonreligious in the old sense, and have to do with the individual in relation to his society and the rights of the individual. Which is a new idea and we don't realize how new it is. We take it *absolutely for granted*. Three hundred years ago it

wouldn't have been taken for granted. And in parts of the world now it wouldn't be—they'd just look at you and not know what you were talking about. But we take it for granted. . . .

There was a time in my life when I was a member of a Communist group which was pure—they had no contact with any kind of reality. It must have been blessed by Lenin from his grave, it was so pure. The thing was, if we had been in any other part of the world, where in fact there was a Communist party, the beautiful purity of the ideas that we were trying to operate couldn't have worked. I found this when I came to England and had a short association with the British Communist Party.

Was this in Rhodesia?

Well, the point was there was no Communist party in Rhodesia. And for a period of about three years, a group of enormously idealistic and mostly extremely intellectual people created a Communist party in a vacuum which no existing Communist party anywhere in the world would have recognized as such. But you see, this experience is not so way out as one might think, because if you talk to other Communists—communism isn't one thing; it varies from country to country—you find that's what left-wing movements have in common, I think, and this is true not only of the Communist Party, but certainly true of left-wing labor: one is always living in a state of embattled ideas. In fact, *nothing is taken for granted*. . . .

I thought that if I wrote a book about the kind of experiences that people I knew had had, I would in fact be writing a book about the kind of ideas people were having—almost as a record. I wrote from inside a woman's viewpoint, naturally, since I am one. Ideas about equality of women and so on. Inside any left-wing group I've been a member of—these ideas are always there, being debated in one way or another and fought out in private relationships. But they are the ideas you would find in the *Sunday Times Supplement* in a cruder form—they're the same ideas. What I'm trying to say is that the left-wing idea is not left wing at all. Because it always has to do with the individual, the rights of. Rights. Fair play. Justice. When *The Golden Notebook* came out, I was astonished that people got so emotional about that book, one way or another. They didn't bother to see, even to look at, how it was shaped. I could mention a dozen books by male authors in which the attitudes to women are the obverse, mirror attitudes, of the attitudes to men in *The Golden Notebook*. But no one would say that these men are

anti-women. They would say—I don't know—this man has a problem or he's screwed up, or something. Because after all, deep problems very often are expressed through sex. But I articulated the same things from a female point of view, and this is what was interesting. It was taken as a kind of banner.

In the last generation women have become what is known as free. And I don't want to get into an argument about how free they are—that's not the point. The point is they're still fighting battles to get free—and rightly. And men are still—some men, you know—some men resist it. But what is interesting, what interests me—what interests me in that book—was, in fact, the ideas. And they still interest me because you have to be apart, a little bit, from an idea before you can see it, even in association with another one. What I'm trying to say is that it was a detached book. It was a failure, of course, for if it had been a success, then people wouldn't get so damned emotional when I didn't want them to be. . . .

Women will say to one another in conversation, or to their own private man, something they'd never dream of saying publicly for fear of being called anti-feminine or anti-male. The relationship between the sexes everywhere, not just in Western society, is so much of a melting pot. It's like the color bar—all kinds of emotions that don't belong get sucked in. You know, I'm convinced that all sorts of emotions that have nothing to do with color get associated around the color bar. Similarly with men and women, any sort of loaded point sucks in anger or fear. . . . I don't think we understand nearly as much as we think we understand about what goes on.

You know, the Free Women section in *The Golden Notebook*—the envelope—I was really trying to express my sense of despair about writing a conventional novel in that. Actually that is an absolutely whole conventional novel, and the rest of the book is the material that went into making it. One of the things I was saying was: Well, look, this is a conventional novel. God knows, I write them myself and doubtless will again. One has this feeling after writing a novel. There it is: 120,000 words; it's got a nice shape and the reviewers will say this and that. And the bloody complexity that went into it. And it's always a lie. And the terrible despair. So you've written a good novel or a moderate novel, but what does it actually say about what you've actually experienced? The truth is—absolutely nothing. Because you can't. I don't know what one does about

novels. I shall write volume 3 [of *Children of Violence*] with my usual enthusiasm. I know perfectly well that when I've finished it I shall think, Christ, what a lie. Because you can't get life into it—that's all there is to it—no matter how hard you try.

And you think you have in *The Golden Notebook*, in the non-novel sections?

Well, at least I think it's more truthful

because it's more complex. People are like other people. I mean, I don't think we are as extraordinary as we like to think we are. We are more like other people than we would wish to believe. The same people occur again and again in our lives. Situations do. And any moment of time is so complicated. I like *The Golden Notebook* even though I believe it to be a failure, because it at least hints at complexity.

The Color of Want

THE RACE WAR: The World-Wide Clash of White and Non-White. By Ronald Segal. The Viking Press. 416 pp. \$6.50.

NADINE GORDIMER

Miss Gordimer is a South African novelist. Her most recent book is *The Late Bourgeois World* (Viking).

There have been good books about the problems of Africa and good books about the Troubles in the United States and good books about China's one revolution and South and Central America's many, and there have been writers who have followed some of the lines of blood relationship between these problems and peoples. But no one has used, quite as Ronald Segal does, the wide-angle lens of intellectual courage to bring them all under our scrutiny at once, in a bold thesis of their essential oneness. Mr. Segal has brought together historical and psychological facts that any honest intelligence must have long accepted when they were suitably fragmented—presented as pertaining to this country or that period—but whose falling into place across continents and centuries with such awful inevitability one may have failed or, more likely, refused to recognize.

Even those of us who live in centers of racial conflict like to think that, unlike ourselves, not everyone has his nose in the dirt; over the horizon there are other preoccupations, other threats. We like to believe that the ugliness of our own situation shrinks in importance, from the perspective of a world's-eye view. This book strips away that unhealthy comfort. Mr. Segal shows that race conflict, criss-crossing national boundaries, is the preoccupation of mankind and that a race war, already engaged in many parts of the world, both openly and under the guise of other principles, is mankind's greatest danger. From a brilliantly sustained analysis, scrupulously documented, which follows

the confrontation of colored and white through chapters on "The Black World of Africa," "The Coloured World of Southern America," "The White World of the United States," "The White World of London and Moscow" and "The Yellow World of China," he produces a deadly convincing argument.

Ronald Segal's book is addressed to the white world. He writes as a radical and, demonstrably, as such he is the only kind of writer equal to this subject. For it is plain from the long history of white rejection of colored and the new, growing history of colored rejection of white, that the shuffle of hard-won concessions toward humanity has simply brought colored and white full circle, face to face with hate. We cannot hope to free ourselves unless the white world is prepared to cut loose, to the bone, from the rotting tangle of failed good intentions as well as the leg irons of oppression.

How likely is a race war? A war where color reaches out to make common cause with color across national loyalties and boundaries?

Segal gives the grim facts of the world-wide correspondence of color and poverty. Street by street and country by country, the haves are white (Japan is the single exception) and the have-nots are black, brown or yellow, and in the massive majority—70 per cent of the world's population live in want, almost all of them colored. The disaffections of the color bar and the disaffections of poverty run together, so that in actuality the people of Malawi, in Central Africa, with its per capita annual income of £12/10 (about \$3), have more in common with the hungry peons of distant South America or Mao's peasants than with the people of a fellow member of the British Commonwealth, Canada, with a per capita annual income of £570 (about \$1,600). If the British Commonwealth is a "family," the poor relations are black, just as in

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the United States the "affluent society" stops short of the Negro ghettos—or, indeed, moves out, taking its benefits with it, where Negroes move in. *Hunger of the stomach . . . hunger for liberty, hunger for work and hunger for a little culture* (Enrique Obregón Valverde, as quoted in J. Halcro Ferguson's *Latin America*)—these hungers of the dispossessed are shared by Jamaicans, Botswanas, Indians, Congolese, Vietnamese, Ghanaians, Argentinians, Chinese, and millions more. So is color. Segal shows how awareness of common cause against the white world has grown and is growing, born of despair and pride.

The white man took the black man from Africa and spread him across half the world, but there he remained an underling and interloper; the white man penetrated the black man's environment in Africa, used its resources overwhelmingly to white advantage, and made himself master of the black man in the black man's home. Segal's "Black World of Africa" chapter follows the white man through his successive guises there as slave trader, colonist, governor and settler and, finally, disbursing of post-independence loans or stay-put defender of white supremacy; and the African as slave, voteless laborer, politician and/or revolutionary and, finally, citizen of one of the independent black states or noncitizen under white minority rule in Rhodesia, South Africa and the Portuguese territories. "The Coloured World of Southern America" (a term the author uses to encompass English-speaking countries like Jamaica, along with the Latin American countries, including those of Central America, and Mexico) follows the habituation of the African slave, through admixtures of

blood reflecting the overlordship of various masters, Spanish, Portuguese and French, to the status of peon, at best exchanging through numerous revolutions which achieved little else, one *caudillo* (boss)—a shade or two whiter than the peon himself—for the other. "The White World of the United States" follows the black slave every step of the way from the cotton fields to the civil rights march on Washington, the Los Angeles riots, and the door of Elijah Muhammad. "The White World of London and Moscow" records the reception of the poor relations of the Commonwealth when, from the West Indies, India and Pakistan, they came home to mother, and the experience of colored people who reached out hopefully for a white hand that had had no association with the colonial past.

The blacks in the Diaspora lost, in white dominance, their native tongues, their history, their religions and traditional social structures. The Negro at home in Africa saw all these reviled, laughed at and debased. Now and then, in response to visionaries among them like Marcus Garvey, Negroes abroad turned their heads to Africa; but what, for centuries, was there to identify with but the shame of running to answer when the white man called "Nigger"?

The American Negro's identification with Africa as the continent that has thrown off the white man's rule has grown in proportion to the Negro's disillusion with white America. The emergence of Ghana in 1957 as an African state with its destiny in its own hands was an occasion for pride that crossed seas, as the slaves had done before it, and was claimed by others who shared a common ancestry of color with the Ghanaians. At the same time, Segal points out how Castro's Cuba, seen as

the successful overthrow of white economic domination by a mixed population with an emphasis on racial integration, has become an inspiration not only to the colored peoples of South America from Brazil to Jamaica but also among the Negroes of the United States. Neither is this identification without reciprocation; he reminds us that Castro stayed at the Hotel Theresa in Harlem when he came to the United Nations in 1960.

As with new-found pride, so with the anger generated by despair. The Africans shot by white South African police at Sharpeville, like the American Negro victims of the Birmingham Sunday bombing, have become the martyrs of a world whose frontiers are not those of South Africa or the Deep South but of color. Lumumba's murder meant the same to colored men in Johannesburg, Harlem or Accra: the murder of black aspiration for white greed. And if the O.A.U. passes resolutions condemning the apartheid regime in South Africa and Smith's rebel Rhodesia without having the power to intervene in either, the fact remains that the existence of the South African and Rhodesian regimes is felt by the whole colored world as a humiliation for which, by the same token, the whole white world has become answerable.

It will be argued that the years that have seen the magnetic coherence of the fragmented Negro identity have also seen the first real emancipation of his condition since the abolition of slavery. Most of Africa is black independent; civil rights legislation at last has been validated in the United States; by extension of the brotherhood of color, the Arab victory over the French in Algeria is a common one—indeed, does not the life of Fanon, Negro descendant of a Martinique slave who went to Algeria to become a participant in and prophet of the F.L.N. struggle, symbolize this? On the face of it, the black man would seem to be coming into his own.

Much of this remarkable book is concerned with demonstrating that this is not so, and why. With encyclopedic knowledge, rare intelligence, and a controlled urgency before which the most closed of minds surely cannot help but unclench, Segal shows that the battle for Negro human rights in the United States has *not* been won by the granting of constitutional liberty and the legislation to enforce it, and accuses the United States Government of failing to bring about that enforcement where "wide wastelands of intransigence re-

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main." As for the new multitude of Negro voters themselves, "... their poverty is so profound ... that an enormous investment of resources ... is required to rescue them."

But the most serious charge laid at America's door in her now prolonged confrontation with the colored world in general, and South America and Asia in particular, is America's refusal to countenance revolution because she equates it with communism. Segal calls this "obsession" with communism "dangerously irrelevant": "In the end this refusal to countenance revolution simply advances the prospects of racial struggle, for it perpetuates the economic inequalities, the national poverty and the resentment at white domination in the present and the past that produce the colored consensus of rebellion. And should the West and the Soviet Union really reach an agreement to police the world together, as an alliance of white communism and white capitalism to control unrest, it will increase, not diminish, the possibilities of race war." In Africa, America, along with Britain and the other former colonial powers, has shown itself less concerned with the freedom of peoples than with the stability of regimes where white investment lies.

Segal examines in detail how the Soviet Union, whose "very existence" was once an "implied, occasionally explicit, restraint on Western actions" has also declined in prestige among Africa's peoples. Africans visiting the West during the days of colonial insurrection were disappointed with the policies of Western Communists—for example, the "political acrobatics" of the American C.P. on the color question. Then, in the full flush of independence, African students met with racial discrimination

in the Soviet Union. And to colored people the conduct of the Communist bloc at the United Nations "has increasingly reflected a closer concern with great-power interests than with fortifying an independent authority which the coloured states ... might gradually direct to their benefit." But since the Bandung Conference of 1955, when the Soviet Union was excluded despite its claim to be an Asian as well as a European state, and China won acceptance "as a coloured state rather than a communist one," the Soviet Union has had a competitor for Communist and revolutionary influence—which, Segal again and again stresses, are not necessarily the same thing. China has the inescapable advantage of color. And now, of course, in the Sino-Soviet split, the world's forces are being realigned along the lines of color, across those of ideology. More and more, the colored peoples see the Soviet Union, despite her 20 per cent nonwhite population, as part of the white world, the Other Side. The idea of white communism and white capitalism "policing the world together" is not inconceivable.

China and the Chinese Revolution loom large in this book (clinically critical as it is of both Communist and capitalist societies), not as the Yellow Peril of the West and the Soviet Union—but as perhaps the only example of achieved full-scale social change with which the colored world can identify itself. The peoples of that world may not want a Communist revolution; what Segal pleads for is the West's recognition that *revolutionary change* is inevitable to transform these societies "now aligned only with poverty and despair." Segal's book is indispensable to a consideration of the implications of color in human society.

Africans and Afrikaners

RUN FOR THE TREES. By James S. Rand. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 398 pp. \$5.95.

ROGUE OF THE AFRICAN NIGHT. By Harold Beaver. Dodd, Mead & Co. 218 pp. \$4.

CHARLES R. LARSON

Mr. Larson teaches African studies at American University in Washington, D.C.

Though many African writers have entered the world literary scene in the last dozen or fifteen years, here in the United States publishers are still more

apt to publish a gutsy novel about Africa by a non-African, whose knowledge of the continent may be hardly more than vicarious, than take the risk of publishing a novel by an African. Two recent novels about Africa—James S. Rand's *Run for the Trees* and Harold Beaver's *Rogue of the African Night*—will easily deepen the stereotyped view most American readers already have about Africa and Africans. Both were written by Englishmen who have had some firsthand experience living in Africa.

James S. Rand's *Run for the Trees* is a particularly bad novel in any terms

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Ralph Nader's articles on auto safety first appeared several years ago in *The NATION*. This is but one example of how *The NATION* raises important issues—before, not after, they become fashionable ones.

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—not just a particularly bad novel about Africa. What little plot there is has been summarized by the publisher who calls *Run for the Trees* "the story of a man who wrested his part of Africa from the savages—both men and beasts—and believed that it belonged to him." The setting is Voortrekker land in the Union of South Africa about 1918. George Miller, a Scotsman, saves the life of Piet Van Zyl—an Afrikaner—and for the next 350 pages these two insatiable Paul Bunyans fight, drink, fornicate, kidnap native women, observe the mating habits of rhinoceros, attend native fertility rites, hunt crocodiles, and kill hundreds and hundreds of lions and leopards.

For good measure Rand has mixed in a few of the more widely accepted African stereotypes. He tells us—over and over again—that Van Zyl is humanitarian toward his African workers and especially the women in his harem—about thirty mulattoes, one Norwegian, one Oriental, and two eunuchs. If the reader thinks Van Zyl is treating his Africans badly, Rand reminds him of the American white man and how he treated his slaves before the Civil War. But the reader knows the Africans love Van Zyl. They call him Bwana. And Rand, in his foreword to *Run for the Trees*, reassures us that his novel is based on "historic truth."

Harold Beaver's *Rogue of the African Night* is a much better novel than Rand's. Beaver's theme—as well as his rogue—is the contemporary alienated African. Unfortunately, there have been too many novels about alienated Africans—including good novels—from Joyce Cary's masterpiece, *Mister Johnson*, to Peter Abraham's *Mine Boy*. Indeed, with *Rogue of the African Night* it appears as if Beaver had read all the African novels available and then created his own composite African character.

Jotham Simiyu, Beaver's alienated hero, is placed in a series of picaresque situations which have been used by half a dozen other writers of African fiction. (Jotham's father is dead; his mother has run off to Nairobi; Jotham goes from schoolboy, to clerk in an Indian shop, to house boy, to tutor, to safari guide, to agriculture officer, to preacher and politician.) It is an old story but worth one more retelling. At the beginning of the book, "editor" Beaver tells in an introduction how he discovered twelve school exercise books in which Jotham recorded the story of his life. (This attempt at verisimilitude has also been used before—more ef-

THE SHY ROOFER

*This roofer works at night
on the sly —
he's only a shy man.
Nails, tar, squares covered
and uncovered: these
he proffers quickly,
automatically,
by hand.
It's the moon that's
on his mind, gentlemen —
the stars, the
ladies turning over
one more time
to show their lips,
their honest
hips,
to whisper
in their sleep
you're doing fine,
roofer.*

GARY GILDNER

fectively—in *Une Vie de boy* by Camerounian writer Ferdinand Oyono.) This is followed by a letter from Reuben Gold, an education officer who supposedly once taught Jotham in school. The alienation theme is articulated by Gold who writes of his former pupil: "Above all, he is preoccupied with his own identity—family identity (lost), clan identity (half-assimilated), tribal identity (confused), eventually trying to find in politics a mass identity (of African Nationalism). . . ." That's quite a bit for one book.

Yet Beaver's novel has merit. He has done a first-rate job of catching and recording African idiom—proverbs, aphorisms, myths, etc. And Beaver has created—and here again this is reminiscent of Cary's *Mister Johnson*—some highly comic and quaintly touching scenes.

But to really learn about Africa, we must return to the genuine—the works written by Africans. I am not making the claim that a novel by an African is automatically better than one by a non-African. (Cary's *Mister Johnson* is still the best novel about Africa written by anyone.) African writers can be equally guilty of stereotyping and overworking an idea. But something new has been happening to African fiction in the past two or three years. African writers are exploring new themes, attempting new forms, and writing some of the most exciting fiction during the brief fifteen- or twenty-year span of the contemporary African novel. Let me end by briefly commenting on three novels which were published in England last year:

THE NATION / March 6, 1967

Efuru, by Flora Nwapa, was the first novel written by a woman from a tropical African country, and the first completely developed portrayal of a woman in African fiction. Flora Nwapa, an Ibo from Eastern Nigeria, tells the story of Efuru whose conflicts are contained within her own womanliness and her traditional culture. The story is simple, yet idyllic and beautiful, worth its weight in gold for what it tells us of the rapidly changing place of women in Ibo society. A particularly impressive novel is Lenrie Peters' *The Second Round*, a story about a young African doctor in Freetown. And *On Trial for My Country* (all published by Heinemann) by Rhodesian writer Stanlake Samkange, a historical novel in its conception, illustrates the conflict between Cecil Rhodes and Lobengula, the Matabele King, and the white man's scramble for East and Central Africa. [See also Robert Green in *The Nation* (October 11, 1965): "The Clashing Old and New," an essay discussing the works of Chinua Achebe, Mongo Beti, Wole Soyinka, Amos Tutuola and Camera Laye; and *The Nation* (April 18, 1966): Robert Green's review of Chinua Achebe's fourth novel, *A Man of the People*.]

These are all closer to the African truth and its universality than the books by Rand and Beaver.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I recommend Shakespeare! It is true that in many performances he is rendered almost as foolish as the less imposing dramatists encountered in a season of Broadway playgoing. But there is never a time that we can't get something out of the mighty and much abused Bard. If nothing else, seeing and hearing Shakespeare (when we do hear him) recalls the height and scope that writing for the theatre may achieve.

The latest Shakespeare comes to us from the Bristol Old Vic, whose productions of *Measure for Measure*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, now at the City Center, will tour the country and continent, ending at Montreal in June. The Bristol Old Vic, of which the fixed habitat is the beautiful old Theatre Royal in that city, is one of Britain's six nationally subsidized theatres. It should be noted in passing that the population of Bristol is less than half a million.

The company also runs a theatre for "experimental" productions and conducts a school. "The most important part of

the company's policy," the playbill states, "is to build up a permanent ensemble of actors who form a group which stays together long enough to develop a distinctive style. . . . Plays by Brecht, Anouilh, Dürrenmatt and Frisch rub shoulders with Shakespeare."

I shall not attempt to pass judgment on the company on the basis of the first two productions alone (I have not yet seen *Juliet*). The daily press has received them cordially, and perhaps this is deserved, since the less versatile and vigorous A.P.A. is reputed to be "The Best Repertory Company We Possess."

Measure for Measure and *Hamlet* were well staged in what is usually called the traditional style (the first by Tyrone Guthrie, the second by Val May, the company's general director). The actors speak well and make sense. The voices are generally good, so trained as to make nearly all of them sound alike. They bear a standard intonation that holds the right of way from Stratford in central England to Bristol in its southwest. The impression made is that of a first-rate stock company.

I was glad of the opportunity to see

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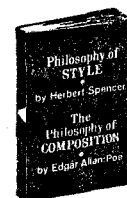
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Measure for Measure again: that "unpleasant" and somewhat ambiguous comedy in which the "hero" is the Duke (whom I regard as the villain), and in which the severely righteous Angelo distraught with lust is the villain (whom I regard as the Duke's chief victim). The "heroine," Isabella, would rather see her brother beheaded than sacrifice her chaste treasure to save him; her brother would rather she made the sacrifice than die, and everyone is willy-nilly forced to marry whomever the Duke orders into nuptial bliss.

This is the sour Shakespeare on his way to majestic pessimism. Very interesting, except that one would like to see the play interpreted, that is, given a point of view, instead of being presented blandly at its confusing face value. As for *Hamlet*—well, it's *Hamlet*, done better than many I've seen but without the impress of a special, a revealing insight.

What these productions made me think of most is the constant discussion of why we in America don't have our own important Shakespeare productions, the kind that might be taken as seriously as the Hopkins-Jones-Barrymore *Hamlet* way back in the twenties, productions of which our reviewers might

be as respectful as they seem to be of the present Bristol Old Vic season.

The critical consensus is that our actors do not know how to speak Shakespeare, that they do not command the "manner." After long and patient reflection I have come to the conclusion that this is sheer rot. Any moderately educated young man or woman, given three years of insistent training with a proper guide (of which there are several among us), can learn to speak Shakespeare and acquire the "manner." The problem is to *act* Shakespeare.

It is because we think of playing Shakespeare chiefly as a matter of voice and speech, and because we harbor an altogether external idea of what constitutes style, that most Shakespeare production for years has been so crucially uninteresting. It is also because of this that the Shakespeare I have found most arresting as *theatre*, rather than as an exercise in conventional elocution, has been in foreign languages. Lest this be thought a personal whim or extravagance, I report that Gordon Craig assured me that *King Lear* at the Jewish Chamber Theatre in Moscow (1935) was the best production of Shakespeare he had even seen.

Certainly Shakespeare must be magnificently spoken. (Does this mean that contemporary dramatists should be badly spoken?) But good, elegant or virile speech alone does not produce a satisfactory Shakespeare. That is mere reading. Nor will an interpretation that is little more than what an informed college instructor might impart to his students suffice.

Shakespeare requires, apart from

WITH THE DOCTOR'S BILL

*Mother, when I was eight, I lied,
Stole money from your purse and the maid.
I poured my haemoglobin down the sink and had
Horrible headaches. You know all that.
Grandfather lay snoring like a bear
In remote, nineteenth-century underwear,
As I tip-toed on the gallery.
I dreamed him dead a whole month.*

*When I grow up I do not want to be
Thirty-four, bored and ashamed, bad at my work.
Diligent of heart, steady, I shall amuse
And rule my love and children where nothing happens.
But now I am my behavior, I am what
I do not understand and have funny thoughts a lot.
These afternoons I repeat the expensive,
Valuable past and I do not forget:
Both of us pay; but it is not a debt.*

JOHN N. MORRIS

proper diction and an understanding of Elizabethan prosody, original imagination, loftiness of thought, boldness of conception, extremes of sensibility and passion from utmost lyric delicacy to that impetuosity, that wildness, grandeur and volcanic intensity which are the marks of Shakespeare's writing.

This is acknowledged today in England itself. The early 19th-century romanticism that had deteriorated into a form of genteel declamation—spiced by occasional bursts of temperament or vocal crescendos which many still think of as the "tradition"—is no longer acceptable. Recent productions of the Royal Shakespeare Company at Stratford and in London follow a new line. Very often this results in a deflation and a reduction of Shakespeare in an astringent reaction to the grandiose, as in the Brook-Scofield *Lear*, which, though mistaken, certainly possessed its own particular truth.

There is at the very least a freshness in these new productions. They make us watch and listen anew, query and debate, instead of making the greatest dramatist in English sound like a classic-by-rote, a museum piece or a monument we are sufficiently civilized to appreciate without effort and without the excitement, the throb of individual reaction which attends contact with a vital experience.

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